THE PAPER THAT PULLS YOU TOGETHER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 36. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 10, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Oatine FACE CREAM

Is this on your Dressing Table?

If not, you can have it there FREE!

Oatine Face Cream should be on every Dressing Table, as all who value their complexions insist on having it there. It is the one thing that keeps the skin healthy, and the complexion clear and clean. It not only makes the skin look clean, but makes it feel clean, which is equally important.

Oatine Face Cream is as valuable to men as it is to ladies. It is manufactured from the healing essence of the finest Oats, and is a natural cleansing agent. It does what soap and water cannot do: it gets down into the pores and clears away the dirt and grime embedded there. The dirt within or below the skin is the root of all complexion troubles, and unless this is removed it is impossible to possess a really healthy skin or perfect complexion.

Oatine Cream effectively relieves the irritation occasioned by shaving owing to its healing properties. It should be gently rubbed in immediately after shaving, or better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave, as this has the effect of softening the beard in the most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that, never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after-effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

Oatine Talcum Powder sprinkled on a towel and wiped over the face will be found to be very soothing when the skin is at all tender.

OUR OFFER.

TO LADIES.

We shall be pleased to send to all ladies answering this advertisement a dainty box containing a sample of each of the following preparations:—**Oatine Cream, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, Talcum Powder, Tooth Paste, Soap in Tubes, and Kylets,** together with a free copy of our book "Beauty Hints," which shows how the Oatine Preparations should be used, and face massage conducted. The dainty box of samples and the booklet are sent absolutely free to all sending 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing.

TO MEN.

We have made arrangements to send to all gentlemen answering this advertisement a single sample of either **Oatine Cream, Oatine Shaving Soap** or **Oatine Shaving Cream,** or for 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, we will send a box of eight of the Oatine preparations including those of special interest to men, **Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Shaving Stick,** and **Shaving Cream.** We recommend all gentlemen to send for these without delay and personally test these unique preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79, DENMAN STREET, S.E.

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Modern Life is Impossible

without the aid of science. But for science there would be no electric trams or trains, no telegraph or telephone. Manufactures would cease their activities, and even the oldest of industries—Agriculture—would be sadly crippled. In introducing

SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

a new work on science to "The Modern Man" therefore, we shall not need to emphasise its unique importance. It describes in a non-technical way the progress of science and its influence on modern life, providing reading that is at once interesting and instructive, fascinating and informative. It is a book which should be read by father and son too; indeed it carries a message for all.

The Editor is Prof. J. R. Ainsworth Davis, M.A., and it is contributed to by eleven other Scientists of repute.

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Origin of the Solar System
Origin of Mountains
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The Nature of Volcanoes and Earthquakes
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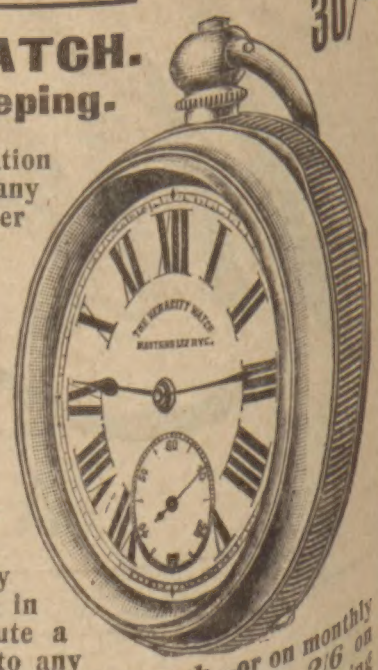

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Mrs. FIRMAN, Holme Cottage, near Thetford. Please send me another 4/- box of tablets. They have a wonderful result with me.

The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

Mrs. MARCHANT, Harrow. Kindly send me another box of tablets. They are the only ones which have had any effect, which is wonderful in so short a time.

Month later. They are doing wonders in my case.

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PHATOLENE TABLETS are guaranteed to cure you of stoutness without starvation aperients, or interference with your ordinary method of living. PHATOLENE TABLETS are the most remarkable scientific discovery of the present age. PHATOLENE TABLETS are an aid to health, make you look younger, and produce a charming figure. We are so confident that PHATOLENE TABLETS will reduce your weight daily, that we offer to send you a large trial box in return for a Sixpenny Postal Order only. Write at once, enclosing P.O. for Sixpence, to—

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CASH FOR READERS

A Word in Your Ear by the Editor of Brett's Publications.

Being desirous of getting in closer touch with my readers, wishing to know them better and to solicit their help in increasing the circulation of my papers, MY POCKET NOVELS, KEEPSAKE NOVELS, and SOMETHING TO READ, I ask you all to send me your photographs. Each week, I shall publish a number of these photos in my three papers, and give a cash present of

5s.

to the owner of each photo published. But I make one condition. I shall send you twelve copies of the periodicals containing your photo, and these you must distribute among your friends, recommending them to read my three books every week, and to send up their own photos for a cash prize. By this means you will be able to give a photo of yourself to your friends without cost, and to put them in the way of earning some money with but little trouble.

HOW TO CLAIM YOUR CASH.

As soon as your photo appears in MY POCKET NOVELS, KEEPSAKE NOVELS and SOMETHING TO READ, you must cut it out of each paper (as a proof that you are a regular reader of the three books) and post the three copies of the reproduced photo as directed below, claiming the cash present and the return of the photo you sent, and agreeing to distribute among your friends the copies of my three papers that I shall send you. A postal order for 5s. will be forwarded to you by return, together with the books for distribution, and the photo you sent to me to publish. All letters must be addressed: Photo, E. J. Brett, Ltd., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

SEND YOUR PHOTO TO-DAY.

Names of Winners appear weekly in each publication.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, "THE MODERN MAN," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

36. WEEK ENDING JULY 10TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

ADEQUATE INCOME.

W MUCH DOES A MAN NEED?

met a millionaire. It was one of the sant experiences of my life, not that m particularly, but I saw that he was appy, and that was satisfying. s still young, and he had all the money ould ever wish for, but it seemed as if striving for something which he could .

I had talked with him very long I he was suffering from the most terrible es, dissatisfaction with himself. nterviewing him as a journalist, and, being very limited, he asked me to step motor-car with him so that we might chat en route. We were travelling country house to London, and on our overtook some harriers. ere well-set-up young fellows, dressed ual running togs, and there was no as to their social status, but I think kely that any of them was in what called affluent circumstances. I ex- they were chiefly working chaps, and they found, like most of us, a consider- culty in making both ends meet. wed down as we overtook them, so that was well below the legal limit, al- , some of them tried to race the motor- er good spirits and in the joy of emula-

illionaire stopped telling me what he king about and turned to look at the

seen a man sick, and I have seen others from acute pain, but I do not wish see on any human face the expression en presented itself upon the counten- he millionaire. ve heard about people being green with rtainly he was a greenish white. His ed livid, his lips twitched, and the lines mouth all seemed to turn downward. obvious from his face that he har- ot the slightest malice against the har- was merely suffering from an acute sheer, unadulterated envy. were young men, rejoicing in their enjoying themselves in spite of the s of their means; he was a triumphant n the business world, able to purchase his heart could long for, but unable to e the joy of life. a lesson to me. again have I cavilled at the size of my I have seized the skirts of happy s they rustled past me, and I have e pleasure of life wholesomely as they d themselves. it for joy till you are rich is to wait , for with wealth comes age and with incapacity for appreciating the deepest s of existence.

L. MACEY.

CHEEK.

Most of the London Yeomanry headquarters are provided with dummy horses for instruction purposes. Some of the more sensitive recruits are asking for ditto Sergeant-Majors.

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A temperance advocate writing to the Press generally, says that sweets should be eaten when one feels a craving for a drink. A decided advantage that he fails to point out is that there is not a tax on *butter* "scotch."

* * * * * * *

The civil servants whose Territorial camp leave has been curtailed by the Treasury are now —— servants.

* * * * * * *

Madame Preobragensky, the new Russian dancer, says the Salome dances are easy and there is no arduous work in them. Miss Maud Allan, by all appearances, does not find them very wearing.

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Radium, we understand, has been valued at £114,000 per ounce. Mr. Lloyd George, who is usually down on "luxuries," has omitted to put even a ½d. per ounce tax on it.

* * * * * * *

"King's Double at Ascot," said the papers, but they did not mean to suggest that there is any sportsman like Edwardus Rex.

* * * * * * *

We felt sorry for the Scotch lady who was prosecuted for taking betting slips. With barmaids barred in bonnie Scotland, this is now woman's only way of clearing out the mugs.

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Many a man who cuts a figure on the Turf ends up with nought.

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A New York millionaire in certain legal proceedings said he objected to his wife calling him a hound. But most men over "this side" like to be considered "doggy."

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Mr. Shaw must thank heaven that Mr. Pelissier, the fattest and most amusing Pierrot on earth, is not the Censor. Fancy being sat on by him!

* * * * * * *

The Terriers who have volunteered for the Aero corps have soaring ideas. Presently they may have sore heads, or other parts of their anatomy.

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A lady reader has kindly written to say she likes our "Cheek." Well, we shan't object to hers if she has a nice complexion.

* * * * * * *

A Blue Book has been produced by Mr. Burns. Naturally, it is causing some hot discussion.

* * * * * * *

Mr. C. B. Fry had to stand down from the second Test Match because he was subpœned in a legal case. With a wholesome respect of the Law we would yet say it certainly was "not cricket."

J. B. PONDERS.

THE SPLENDID SEA TROUT.

ONE OF OUR MOST SPORTING FISH.

A sea trout will give you as good sport as a salmon. Indeed, many anglers hold that he is the gamest of all game fish, and, provided you use fairly light tackle and don't try to hook him out with a barge pole and a cable, a 5 lb. sea trout will give you all the delicious thrills, tremors and excitements of a tussle with a twenty or thirty pound salmon.

I don't say that if I had the choice between salmon and sea trout fishing I would not choose the former, but then salmon fishing is reserved for the privileged few, sea trout angling can be had by the many.

The sea trout is the salmon of the man of moderate means, and if you have never tried fishing for sea trout then take my tip, and try it at once. You will never forget the first time you hook a sea trout and receive the impression that you have got the devil himself at the end of your line, in which indeed you will not be far wrong, for the sea trout fights like a devil incarnate, and is immensely strong for his size.

Where is he found? In nearly all tidal rivers, and in lakes and locks having an outlet to the sea. In size he runs from 1 lb. to 5 lbs., but ten to fifteen pounders are not uncommon, and twenty pounders and over have been caught.

Tackle? Well, as I have hinted, you don't want to take a barge pole to a sea trout. There is no sport in fishing for him with the same tackle that you would use for salmon.

On the other hand, you may hook him, but you will never hold him on a line that would do for small trout. The best rod for sea trout, whether in river or lake, is what is known as a double-handed trout rod from 13 ft. to 16 ft. in length, with reel and line similar to those used for salmon, but smaller and lighter to suit the shorter and less powerful rod.

As to flies, the famous salmon flies such as the Jock Scott, tied small, are generally deadly to sea trout. At the same time, he will often take ordinary trout flies, and at all times he is partial to something bright, even vivid, and the flies he will take best are fancy flies, and not imitations of any known insect.

Among stock flies may be especially recommended for sea trout in addition to Jock Scott and Blue Doctor, tied small, Wickham's Fancies, Black and Red Palmers, Dark Clarets with silver tinsel, and the fly known as Green and Teal.

Three flies are generally used on a cast, and you cannot go far wrong in casting straight across stream, drawing the line back so that the topmost fly just touches the water.

In streams sea trout frequent long stretches of water, and are particularly fond of lying in front of large rocks. They are also to be found in the shallows at the tails of pools, but the nearer the sea the deeper the water they prefer.

In lakes or locks the most likely spots are near the edge of weeds, round about islands, or off rocky points.

H. LEE.

A Day's Rabbit Shooting.

FOR THE MAN WHO IS FOND OF A GUN.

Our nearest neighbour, a somewhat peppery retired major, had sent what he was pleased to call a "chit," asking us—myself and the governor—to go over and help him to kill rabbits.

The Major, despite his temper, is a good sort. He has lost an arm, and though he can still wield a sword if occasion demands, shoot he cannot. We accepted, for his place is overrun with the beggars, and good sport is always pretty certain.

The Governor is one of the prettiest shots I have seen in a somewhat varied experience; he still uses an old 15 bore double, and certainly she is a marvellous gun—in his hands at any rate; but I pin my faith to a 12 bore hammerless, built to pattern from an old Manton, and I use No. 4 shot. One does not knock one's quarry about with this, and a hit is usually a kill.

There is a frosty feel as I turn out of the blankets to seek my cold tub, but a glance out of the window shows there is every prospect of a fine day. Breakfast over, we are soon ready. A steady old half-bred dog is to go with us; she is a marvel at finding a ferret, and does not run in.

THE PARTY.

Half-an-hour behind a goodish pony takes us to The Grange. The Major informs us we are late—this is his invariable custom—but it doesn't spoil the glass of home-brewed ale and the black cigar which he offers and we accept.

He has arranged for his semi-official keeper and a lad to accompany us. I say semi-official keeper, for he is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, but a keen sport. We have brought three ferrets and they have four more—one a good big liner—always useful this, for it saves a lot of aimless digging.

A mound covered with nut bushes is our first objective. A dry ditch runs along one side; on the other the holes come well out into the meadow. The whole length of the fence is one big burrow, and you never know when bunny will bolt.

I am given the ditch side; it is easier shooting; and the Governor, despite his slower loading, is quite capable of looking after the other himself.

THE 15 BORE SCORES.

Two ferrets are turned in—we do not use muzzles—and for some time we wait in vain. Now and again a rabbit shows at a hole mouth, only to go back; then another will scoot from one hole to the next, only a few feet. These might be killed, but so hollowed out is the ground that it is unsafe to fire where there is the least chance of a ferret being close behind the rabbit. Presently one bolts some ten yards up the fence. A pause to give him law, then the 15 bore speaks and crumples him up.

The rabbits are now fairly disturbed, and shots ring out in quick succession. Presently they cease bolting, for the shooting has alarmed them, so we decide to leave the lad to pick up or dig out the two ferrets while we move to another mound, having traversed nearly the whole length of this one.

Our next ground is a mound so flat that one would hardly notice its existence were it not for the tangled mass of briars, hollies, blackthorn and stunted oaks which crown it. Here it is quick work and quite hopeless for anyone unaccustomed to snap shooting.

In a shade over half-an-hour we have seventeen dead rabbits from this fence alone. The hollies show many white marks on their stems where the shot has stripped and scored the green bark, and the stones embedded in the mound are chipped here and there.

Later in the season this mound is a favourite with wandering pheasants, which come for the acorns. Woodcock, too, are often found here; probably the hollies account for this.

A plantation of ash poles next claims our attention. The short stoles are some feet apart, and holes are all over the place. The rabbits bolt readily, and some very pretty shooting is obtained as they twist in and out among the cover. We have only half done this place when a basket of food for the inner man puts in an appearance. Twenty minutes is all we need for dealing with it, and once more we get to work.

A QUEER PROCESSION.

Soon after lunch we witnessed a queer procession. First, out came a rabbit, close behind him a ferret, and close behind him a weasel. Three times did this strange procession appear and disappear, but the rabbit ultimately broke away well ahead of the ferret, and fell to the 15 bore; the weasel did not again appear. We all three witnessed the thing, so there could be no mistake.

Presently it gets dusk, the mist is stealing up from the water, the cushats are making their way home to roost.

On the way to the house I saw the 15 bore pull one down from a height which I am afraid to estimate—certainly I should not have asked my modern gun to do it, though perhaps it might have obliged.

Much has been written about these old-time small bores. I do not pretend to be an authority on the subject, but I must say that I have never seen any gun kill cleaner or at greater ranges than this old weapon.

THE MAJOR'S YARNS.

The lights are showing through the windows as we make our way to the back door. A besom and scraper aid us in the removal of mud from our boots, the dog is shut up in a loose box, and we are soon discussing the day's doings with the Major. He takes a keen interest in the sport, and now and again tells us some frontier experience, apropos of nothing. We have heard these yarns often, but one cannot tell him to shut up, so we have to grin and bear it.

It is late when we leave, well fed and well satisfied with our day amongst the rabbits.

H. L. LIDDELL.

CLEARING YOUR WARDROBE.

What do you do with those old breeches whose only fault is that their strappings have worn a bit?

You throw them into your wardrobe and forget all about them. Why?

Because no other way of dealing with them has occurred to you.

Here is a suggestion.

Rake them out, write a short advertisement about them and put it in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Columns.

The cost need not be more than a shilling, and the proceeds will go towards the bill for your next pair of breeches.

There are other things besides breeches that you have for disposal—suits, boxing gloves, dumb-bells, guns, fishing rods, and all the rest of it.

Advertise them all in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Columns, for you will certainly find a purchaser.

ETIQUETTE.

XVIII. CEREMONIES.

It is always just as well to know the r
way in which to act at what might be c
family ceremonies. They are not of very
quent occurrence, but, all the same, you d
want to feel a fool when they do happen.

I have already dealt with marriages, an
propose to devote my notes this week to chris
ings and funerals.

As a father you have little to do at a chris
ing beyond contributing to the offertory or p
box at the church according to your purse
inclinations. No fees are payable fo
christening, but it is customary to make an o
ing and also to tip the verger or pew-opener,
afterwards to entertain such friends as you
invited.

It is your duty, however, to see the chris
ing duly entered in the register.

Submit with as good a grace as possibl
being told that the amorphous, blotch-fa
squalling lump of humanity is the very imag
you.

An invitation to act as godfather, howeve
apt to fluster a man, and the first point is
to give your god-child.

The stock presents are a silver mug, a s
and coral rattle, or silver fork and spoon,
you may wish to give something uncommo

One of the prettiest christening gifts I
saw was a rattle in the form of a silver du
bell about two inches long, the ball at ei
end being perforated, and having someth
inside that rattled. This was a pretty
novel gift, and, coming from an athlete to
son of an athlete, it was highly appropriate.

A really useful plan is to take out a s
insurance policy for the child, you, of cou
paying the premiums. Thus, for roughl
sovereign a year payable for twenty-one ye
you can assure a child under one year old
receive (a) £24 on his twenty-first birthday,
a fully-paid up policy for £100 at death a
twenty-one, to keep which in force when
comes to manhood he has only to pay
original premium.

Your offering, whatever it is, should be
patched before the christening, at which
should wear a morning coat or a frock coat
topper, with light tie and gloves, as this
festive occasion.

The verger will give you printed instructi
as to your part in the ceremony, which
should treat seriously, though you mustn't
a long face about it. You have nothing to
with the subsequent entries in the register,
being the father's business.

Afterwards—well, it is just a pleasant so
gathering at which you will be expected to m
a more or less facetious speech, and make yo
self particularly agreeable to the godmother
godmothers.

At one time not only the godparents, but
visitors were expected to tip the nurse, but
custom has fallen into disuse, except for
parents and godparents.

Be careful not to allude to the child as
or you will get yourself badly disliked.

To turn to the far less pleasant subject
funerals you should, of course, be dressed e
tirely in black, coat, trousers, tie, and glove
but at the same time very dark grey clothes a
permissible.

The custom of "funeral baked meats" aft
the funeral has happily fallen into desuetud
and, while you will be asked as a matter of for
to return to the house, you will show your goo
taste by declining, unless the will is to be rea
and your presence is particularly requested.

Within a week of the funeral you should leav
cards on the bereaved, with "With kind
inquiries" written on them. In the case o
very intimate friends, you should get specia
black-edged cards, but this is not absolutely
necessary.

Should the invitation to the funeral contain the
request "No flowers," respect it.

E. H. HILL.

A HUMAN EPISODE.

By JAMES WINTER.

THE MAN.

"Time, gentlemen, please!"

With unruffled placidity the men in the smoke-room went on talking and drinking and smoking.

Again and again the pronouncement was repeated as the barman bustled about, collecting glasses and serving hurriedly such as

iscovered a powerful inclination for "another."

"Time, please! Now, gentlemen, *if* you lease!"

The room slowly emptied.

Men with leisurely amble went down the narow passage leading to the street. Arrived there, ey seemed loth to leave the light cast out from he hotel, but packed affectionately into little roups the better to counteract the instability f the pavement.

Conversations were conducted vehemently or ith weighty earnestness and much repetition f superfluous detail.

There was the sound of shooting bolts, and he glaring lights were lowered. Like sand cattered by the wind from a rock, the pavement bared.

Four men drifted away into the darkness, alking with careful steps down the middle of he street, their shoulders swaying gently.

A slow-passed lamp revealed them—height, ace, dress, all different; but with unified sugestion of intoxicated kinship, giving off identical odour.

Energetic argument dwindled to occasional omment.

At length one, the youngest of the four, came o a halt and stood groggily upright, watching he others as they left him. Noticing his bsence, they look back and returned like silent heep.

"I'm going home," growled the young man.

The others protested.

"I am, I tell you." The voice was aggrieved. I'm tired."

"Don't go yet," spoke an older man smoothly. It's early. Really, I'm wondering where to spend the evening." He paused to laugh at the tale facetiousness, but enjoyed it alone. "I vote hand at solo along at our friend Smith's place," he went on. "What say?"

Smith's enthusiasm was not conspicuous.

"Ah, if you like," he said.

The young man blew contemptuously.

"Pooh! the wife wasn't over-pleased to see us last time. Perhaps she'd turn us out."

"It wouldn't pay her," said Smith in an undertone.

"Hoh, wouldn't it! Smith, you're a cold-blooded brute, we all know, but I shouldn't boast about it." The young man was evidently spoiling for a quarrel. "Anyhow, I'm not coming. I'm going home to get some sleep. It wasn't much I had last night—elsewhere." He laughed nastily. "So long."

"Well, good night, if you won't be companionable," the smooth-voiced man called out. "But I can lend you a bit if that's what you want."

The slouching figure wheeled and came back. "D'ye think it's that?" he demanded, face thrust forward for aggressive emphasis. "I can stand my corner with anybody, I can."

He glared at their faces for any sign of contradiction.

"Come on!" he added impatiently. "I'm game if you all are."

All night they played.

Mrs. Smith, a woman with wan, depressed face, left them and went silently to bed. None noticed her quiet scorn.

Dawn filtered through the yellow blind and found them, lips pressed, their eyes small, intent on the game.

Cards slipped swiftly, animated by deft fingers. Money was nomadic.

The four glasses were greasy with finger marks, rimmed with the residue of saliva. Bottles littered the floor.

One pure ray from the risen sun found its way through a perforation in the blind, bored a line through the smoky density and diffused goldenly on the opposite wall.

Tirelessly the cards were dealt and played.

The temper of the young man had gradually worsened. He scowled over his cards, perversity making him intensify his ill luck by deliberately bad play.

At last, with a violent gesture, he rose and scattered a newly dealt hand over the table.

"Curse the cards—and you!" With fumbling haste he turned over card after card, anxious to justify his disgust. "Look at 'em! That's a nice hand to deal anybody!"

"Sit down!" The command was savage. "It's all in the game."

The smooth-voiced man lifted a sneering face and congratulated the young man upon preventing him from getting a certain solo and incidentally scooping in the pool.

"Oh, I know all about it," said the young man, insultingly suggestive.

"Sit down! The luck'll change," Smith snarled.

"Hoh, will it? Not a single call have I had for over an hour." His resentment grew more righteous in retrospect.

"Come on; be a sport!" they urged him, relenting.

"Not I. You've had enough of mine." He crammed his hat on viciously.

Outside the sweet morning air served but to aggravate his ill-temper. He felt foul.

CONTRASTS.

THE WOMAN AND ANOTHER.

That same night a woman was walking about the streets of London not knowing what she should do with herself.

The bright places she carefully avoided, but dark and narrow thoroughfares matched her mood. Her soul was among the shadows.

She was carrying something beneath her cloak, something that one arm pressed very tightly to her breast. When she could feel that it touched there seemed to form a lump of ice which widened and thickened until it reached and froze her heart.

There was cold, too, in her brain, a frozen calm that prevented thought.

All she knew was that she did not know what she should do with herself.

Two years ago she got her "first place" in London, a situation as general servant to a family in the suburbs. She was permitted one night a week out and half a day off every other Sunday.

Her letters home gradually got fewer. Then they ceased altogether. Then her mistress, discovering her condition, discharged her at a moment's notice.

The servant girl did not go home. She was fond of her mother. And she was ashamed.

Besides, *he* was in London.

Exactly whereabouts in London she was not sure, for this young man had omitted to tell her where he lived. He had also, though this she did not know, given her a fictitious name that Sunday he had spoken to her in the park.

And now she was walking about in London, choosing the dark streets because her soul was in shadow. And beneath her cloak she carried her shame.

What should she do with herself? In this great, big, cruel London she didn't know what to do. *He* was in it somewhere, but she had searched for him till she was tired. And if she found him what good would it do? He would never marry her now. She knew that; though he had promised earnestly enough before—before——

The breath of the woman caught in a dry sob.

She hurried along as if to escape from herself, and at her frozen heart now something was tugging, tugging with tiny hands that wrenched the arteries and sent sharp spasms of pain throughout her body. This was fancy, of course, for the baby lay beneath her arm crushed against her breast; but it was just like that, a tugging pain that was excruciating.

She was on a bridge now, looking over the parapet at the slimy, sliding water. She watched, and the sight of it, smooth and bright like the polished surface of black hate, sent a spell over her.

Farther up the river was another bridge, lined with vivid lamps, and across it people passed, ant-like, coming and going in a stupid, purposeless way. Men and women!

This woman on the bridge, once a servant girl, felt a dumb wonder that people should come and go—tiny, ant-like things that nobody cared anything about. What was it all for? It was hardly worth while, she thought, if only they could see it.

And none of them would be able to walk about if they had a frozen lump inside them like she had. They too wouldn't know what to do with themselves and would stand on a bridge wondering—wondering what?

She wandered away. She came back. She went away again, and again the water called her.

It smiled at her now. In its swirls and eddies she saw dimples and soft eyes, and the chubby shapes of infants. They rolled and frolicked about, and at last one of them rose up in the water and stretched out his little arms to her.

* * * * * * *

A boatman got her out while she was still alive, and still one arm pressed something to her breast.

At the police station a doctor saw what it was and took it from her.

Then he said to the inspector: "This infant was dead before it entered the water. It has been strangled."

THE WOMAN.

The servant girl sat in the dock, helpless, solitary, bewildered. Her senses were benumbed.

Somehow, childhood memories groped back to her. She recalled how once, years and years ago, she had fallen into a pool. Her struggles had not been long, but as the water lapped over her she had thought how cruel it was.

This was the same. This was cruel. She could do nothing. They were all against her.

The judge pronounced sentence of death. Her eyes blurred. She did not see how pityingly he looked at her.

THE MAN.

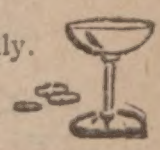
The young man bought an evening paper. He turned from the teeming thoroughfare into a quiet street, opened out the pages, and searched feverishly.

What he sought did not occupy a prominent place, but it was there. He found his way to a public-house and staggered to the bar.

"Give me a drink, *quick*! Brandy!"

The barmaid looked inquiringly, saw that it was not drunkenness, and served him.

"Had a shock? Poor boy!" she said kindly.



Sports Day at Camp.

A GLIMPSE OF TERRITORIAL LIFE.

"The Sergeants' Mess of the ——shire Yeomanry requests the pleasure of the company of —— on Sports' Day at the Camp."

It was in response to an invitation of this sort, duly filled in, that a sunny May day saw me very much among "the boys" of a Yeomanry Regiment that pardonably fancies itself.

Now, Sports' Day is a sort of general open air levée with the ——shires, and they do their guests well. It is one of their boasts that they know how to play the host. I was one of a highly favoured party, and the noble Sergeants had not hesitated to borrow the Colonel's motor (by permission, I hope), to convey us from the station to the camp.

ON THE CAR.

The Yeomen greeted us with yells as we came out of the station, and as the car could not possibly hold the party decently seated, they nursed us through one and a-half miles of white dust, until the self-constituted chauffeur, a Yeoman who cheerfully confessed he was very lucky in usually pulling the right lever, crammed on the brake and brought us to a sudden, jerky stop opposite the lines.

The encampment was prettily dotted out in a park, the seat of one of the big "county" families, and in the distance hidden somewhere among the trees a band played a light march.

We strolled among the tents under the guidance of the Sergeants, and fraternised with all ranks from the youngest Lieutenant to the rawest recruit, and we found they were bent apparently on making us drunk, as one man, on the whisky and soda stocked in their tents.

"Don't drink that fire water over there!" the Yeomen in an opposite tent would call, while we were enjoying the hospitality dispensed by their neighbours. "Come and try some of our special Scotch, and we've got a dozen of 'Polly' here, too. None of your bally syphon soda!"

That we might remain sober, we declined many such invitations.

THE YEOMAN'S TOILET.

Then we visited the horse lines, where, to meet the new Government Regulations, the horses were picketed out with heel and head ropes, but this exposure to the weather did not seem to have done otherwise than improve them, and I felt sorry because one likes to find fault with some insignificant thing, if only the Government!

The railway company being obliging enough to run special trains from all parts of the county, it was not long before the camp was thronged with visitors, mostly friends and relations of the Yeomen, and as there was a lot of frock and frill roaming about with an admiring eye, it behoved the gallant troopers to complete their toilet behind closed tent-flaps—and toilet on Sports' Day is a wondrous thing.

Woe betide the misguided Terrier who does not literally shine in his dress uniform! His Squadron, individually and collectively, speaks to him unkindly about it. I saw one luckless youth collared by the Sergeant-Major and sent back to his tent to "take the bloomin' verdigris" off his buttons. They were merely a little dull, but a Sergeant-Major's criticism is nothing if not slightly over done.

So I mingled with the crowd of civilians who were delighted to see the Regiment masquerading generally in fancy dress. Yeomen whose tents boasted spirit stoves were treating their own and other people's sisters to early cups of tea, and looking particularly pleased with themselves. They were manifestly enjoying it, and a fortnight's very hard work had surely earned them this little resting on their laurels.

AT HOME.

They had not omitted to make their surroundings look particularly picturesque. The open tent flap betrayed an interior of exceeding neatness. Sword-scabbards polished up to the brilliancy of electro-plate, were stood in slots affixed round the tent pole. The beds were covered with neat rugs, and a small table bearing whisky, syphons, and glasses ornamented the foreground.

Like the spider they seemed anxious for the ladies to step into their parlour—and be shown that Man can really look after himself, in spite of all that is said to the contrary.

A Yeoman who had been thrown during the training, and sprained his wrist, was treated very much as a hero by the women-folk, and the several unnecessary miles of bandage and sad expression he was wearing proved that he intended to make as much capital as possible out of the matter.

"Jimmy," said one of his friends to him (he was one of a tent of three), "you might just bunk over and get us a little water for the kettle."

"With that arm of his, poor boy? How could you!" exclaimed a lady visitor, and Jimmy's luckless friend retired crushed, while the sly James assumed the air of a wounded V.C. man.

WHEN THE FUN BEGAN.

At three o'clock the Sports, which are really a very minor part of Sports' Day, began with a tent-pegging competition. On a hastily improvised "stand" stood the Colonel in all his glory of gold braid, with his Parisian frocked daughters, before whom the Yeomen favoured with their "bowing acquaintance," blushed deeply.

It was all a very pretty spectacle, the smart uniform of the ——shires, mingling with the summer garb of their women-folk. I have seen that Regiment at hard, sweating, and dirty work. They put the same heart and dash into this, their play—nothing higher than that can be said for them. I knew them as men who could work on occasion, and rough it—like soldiers.

But no gallant of the Eighteenth Century could have been more courtly than they were on their Sports' Day—which above all things is a social function.

The course over which the section jumping competition was held was roped off, and, this being the big event of the day, the crowd flocked round after the tent-pegging. Wandering up and down inside the rails was a Yeoman demanding the life and whereabouts of one Trooper Smith, who was booked to ride in his section.

UNEARTHING TROOPER SMITH.

At least a dozen of my friends, the Sergeants, informed him that Trooper Smith was still dispensing tea and witty remarks to a lady in his tent in the deserted lines.

This sadly upset the aggrieved Yeoman, who made a few scathing comments on "Don Juans in the Yeomanry," and despatched four recruits to the lines to unearth Trooper Smith, and produce him, dead or alive, within five minutes. The recruits went off on their mission at the double, and I saw that this Yeoman was a power in his squadron.

Trooper Smith cantered up, smiling, in rather less than four minutes, and took his place in the section with the Yeoman who had sought him.

A few minutes later I discovered why that particular Yeoman was a power in his squadron. He was a good and fearless horseman.

"Buck up, old Warhorse!" yelled half the crowd when it came to his section's turn to jump the flight of hurdles.

"Old Warhorse" smiled grimly and marshalled his men. Even Trooper Smith put his soul into the work. In an unbroken line of four they topped the hurdles gracefully; there was nothing of the ragged, independent jumping about this section. They made a beautiful wheel as they turned to take the hurdles again. Surely these were the winners.

"Old Warhorse," Number One in the section, steadied his men for the final jump. His horse took off short and they both landed hard on the other side. It was a nasty fall, and "Old Warhorse" was barely clear.

"He must be killed!" I heard a woman half whimper near me.

TOUCH AND GO.

A dozen Yeomen standing by that last hurdle rushed to help their prostrate comrade, but he had scrambled to his feet ere they reached him.

When he mounted again the cheering was deafening, and increased in volume when the section jumped the hurdle again—faultlessly this time—and thus won the competition very easily.

When he had relinquished his horse to a groom, a crowd of laughing friends pressed round to congratulate him, but he turned first to a tall young fellow whose face was chalk white.

"Give me your hand, boy!" said that young man fervently. "I thought I'd lost my old tent chum!"

The sturdy youth's lip was trembling. I learnt a little then of the depth of Friendship.

A. McC. SEALEY.

THE DESIRE TO SNUB.

Call it jealousy or what you will, the desire to snub seems to be inherent in the majority of people.

You see evidence of it every night in a billiard-room.

"Hard luck!" remarks your adversary or one of the spectators, when you just miss your shot.

There is no sympathy in the tone, and you know that the speaker is not really sorry. He is merely venting his feelings of malicious rivalry in a way that you cannot resent.

Sometimes he will say, when you have succeeded with what you meant to do, "Good shot!" But here there is no note of congratulation; he is simply patronising you and simultaneously assuring himself that it is the sort of thing he could do blindfolded.

In each remark there is shown the same desire—to snub you, to pull you down.

You see this thing even amongst children. The Territorial who walks along the street in his uniform is greeted by the urchins with cries of "Right, left! Right, left!"

It is unlikely that the children are envious of the soldier, for they are not yet of years sufficient to enable them to become one themselves. Moreover, it is fortunately the fashion at the present time to profess respect for things military.

But all the same we find amongst all classes and amongst people of all ages this desire to level up things so that they shall not feel least important.

The Territorial who has put on one single item of his uniform carelessly or incorrectly is grinned at with much satisfaction by those in the 'bus or the tramcar who happen to detect it.

Some of them are Territorials themselves, though not in uniform, but they show no sympathy for the novice, and, if the truth will out, they are jealous of him because he happens to be in uniform and they are not.

When you run across this sort of thing, do not let it hurt your feelings, for it is merely a weakness of human nature.

The Infinite Joys of River Bathing

A SPORT FOR THE WARM WEATHER

There is a special and distinctive pleasure in river bathing that is quite different from a plunge in the sea or the modified enjoyment to be found in the swimming bath, however well appointed or spacious it may be.

True, the open sea has its peculiar delights. There is perpetual sunshine and a never failing series of waves to be breasted and currents to be fought. It tries a man's limbs to the utmost as he cleaves through the glittering waters, making for his boat or the shore, against the tide.

His progress must be gained by inches rather than by yards, and though at times he seems to be completely at the mercy of the waters, he still swims on, and touches bottom with a delicious sense of victory and safety.

The luxuries of comfortable dressing boxes; and the use of boards and chutes and platforms for the diving experts gives the bath an added attraction. The sense of danger is almost entirely removed.

Sea and river bathing are experiences that cannot be compared. Each has its pleasures, each its risks, which also are pleasures, each has its peculiar delights, but to me the river offers the most compelling attractions.

FINDING THE RIGHT PLACE.

In the first place the very search for a deep, clear, shaded pool is in itself a quest of infinite excitement.

Passing along the river's banks we scan each silent pool and try to estimate its depths, while frightened trout dart here and there as if our intentions were already known to them. On we go, always expecting that every bend in the stream will bring us to our ideal pool, until at last we reach some wild and lonely broadening of the stream and set about discovering the most secluded spot to strip and issue forth to the brink of the stream.

The sun sends shafts of light through the overarching trees, spangling the waters with bright spots of movement. We watch the water rippling into the pool from up stream, eddying along until the current loses itself in the still waters that run deep.

Our only companions are the moor hen, the coot, the water rat, the fish, and an occasional kingfisher that comes whistling down stream and passes with a flutter of astonishment as it finds its ancient solitary haunts invaded.

NATURE'S TOGGERY.

Then from our reedy retreat we emerge with all the instincts of untamed and uncivilised man uppermost, without the hampering, conventional loin cloth, stripped, in fact, of every shred of clothing, we take a plunge and make our way across the pool.

The water strikes the flesh almost with the sting of a whip. It has come down from heathery hills and splashed its course down rocky falls. Fresh from the fast depths of the rock, and clear from the skies, it fills us with new life as we buffet it and dive and float and splash in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

Soon the body reacts to the cold water's stimulant qualities, and we feel a glorious glow spread over us. Tired with much exertion we turn turtle and float, the sun catching us now and then between the trees and warming the bare flesh.

Then back again to the bank. A brisk rub down, a luscious sun bath, sprawling on the grassy edge, and so away again with sinews braced and nerves toned up, and such an appetite as kings might envy.

No sea bath can be taken amid such green seclusion—only the songs of many birds make music with the water's gentle ripple. No pleasure-wrecking rules debar from this or that enjoyment. All is freedom on the river's banks, and all is fresh and sweet when river waters lave the flesh and cool the burning skin.

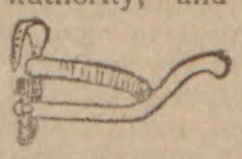
Your hair is wet, but you shake your head and scarcely trouble to rub it with the towel.

You are primitive man for a brief space. The brute—the sane, placid, healthy brute—in you is uppermost, and you are happy; happy and strong.

You have tried your sinews against the waters, and you have won. F. MESTON.

SPURS.

That it is necessary for the horseman to have some means of reminding his mount of his authority, and for infusing temporary energy into him, is generally admitted. So far as riding is concerned, you have your alternatives—to use a whip or to wear spurs—and the latter are admittedly the better, provided you know how to use them correctly.



The ordinary Army jack spur.

Spurs on the heels of an incompetent horseman are a constant danger to himself and an annoyance to his mount. When he canters or gallops, he is sticking his heels in, unconsciously spurring his horse, and then he wonders why the beast gets mad, and why he cannot pull him up when he wants to do so.

On the heels of an expert, however, spurs are the ideal instruments of correction and authority. Never by any chance do they touch his horse's side except when he means them to do so.

Spurs enable you to do without a whip and thus have both hands absolutely free to deal with the reins. Also they look well on the heels of a horseman. They give that finishing touch to the breeched and gaitered leg which appears to be lacking without them.

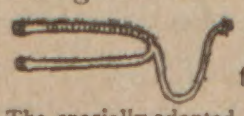
The army jack spur may be taken as typical of spurs in general. It is fixed by a chain underneath the sole of the boot and by a strap over the instep, and the rowels are small but effective.

The favourite form of hunting spur.

An adaptation of it is the hunting spur, the neck of which is generally straight, and the head in this case inclines downwards instead of up. It is very usual for hunting men to have the rowels taken out of their spurs altogether and to have threepenny pieces substituted. Whether this is or is not a wise course, depends wholly upon your mount. Some horses actually need spurring, and in their case it is advisable to retain the rowels, while others simply require a gentle reminder, and a dig with the toothless threepenny pieces is quite sufficient.

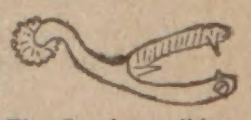
The need for spurs in the hunting field is generally admitted by those who have any experience of cross country work. A reminder to a horse at the right moment will take him over a fence he might otherwise have baulked at.

A novel but useful form of spur is the trouser spur. It is intended to be worn when you are riding in trousers instead of boots and gaiters, and its neck is so shaped that it does not disturb the set of the trousers at the back.



The specially adapted trouser spur.

The walking-out spur worn by our Cavalry soldiers has several points of interest. Invariably the rowels are fitted loosely so that they clash and jingle as the wearer walks along. This effect is further enhanced by the heels of the Wellingtons on which they are worn being made hollow and also higher than usual.

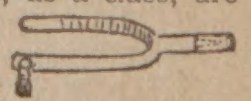


The Cavalry walking-out spur.

One of the best types of walking-out spurs, and one now affected by many of our Yeomanry regiments, as well as by our Regulars, is that in which the centre of the rowels, instead of being a mere pivot, is cut out like a hollow triangle; thus as the wearer walks along the centre is constantly changing and the jingle is maintained.

The fixing of walking-out spurs is largely a matter of taste. Some prefer those where a spike fits into the back of the heel and a small screw is adjusted at either side, while others prefer a spur where one long screw runs right through the heel.

One of the most ingenious of spurs is that worn by ladies. Except when used, it is absolutely harmless, for there is a guard which comes over the point and prevents it from tearing the habit; but when struck into the horse this guard flies back and reveals a wicked point. It is a pity that women riders, as a class, are not sufficiently aware of the severity of the spurs with which their saddlers arm them, and all too often you find the woman rider goading her horse doing so.

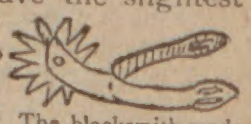


The lady's spur with protected point.

The most terrible looking spurs of all are the cowboy spurs, but they are not really very severe. The rowels are by no means so sharp as those on the ordinary jack or hunting spurs. A genuine cowboy spur is not as a rule a very lovely thing to gaze upon, for more often than not it has been fashioned by the blacksmith of the township, and is of the roughest kind; but, so long as the rowels are big and loosely fitted so that they jingle, the cowboy is perfectly satisfied, and there is no reason why anyone else should be otherwise.

Whatever be the style of spur you wear, be careful as to its use. An unintentional dig at the wrong time may send you over your horse's head, to your own chagrin if, possibly, to the amusement of your friends.

A very safe rule, if you have the slightest doubt as to your ability in using the spurs correctly, is to have the points snipped off. This looks as well and saves you endless trouble with your mount.



The blacksmith-made Cowboy spur.

W. IRONSIDE.

HAY FEVER.

One is inclined to regard hay fever as an essentially feminine malady, for, to those who have never been attacked by it, there always seems to be more make-believe than reality about this particular illness.

Nevertheless it is a trouble which to many men makes a visit to the country a pain and not a pleasure, and for their benefit the following remedies may be suggested.

The first is the simplest, and one that answers quite well in the majority of cases. It is to have plenty of strong scent on your handkerchief, and to breathe through the saturated linen from time to time. Lavender water, eau de Cologue, Jockey Club, or any other stimulating scent will do.

Another good wheeze is to carry a bit of menthol in your pocket and rub it over your upper lip when you feel the first symptoms of the sickly taste that precedes an attack of hay fever.

Camphor, also, is useful, and answers in some cases where other remedies fail.

Sometimes victims of hay fever are able to combat an attack by the very simple expedient of breathing through the mouth instead of through the nose.

Our Readers' Opinions.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

To most of us at some time or other come what might be called the "sad hours." Although, perhaps, nothing whatever is the matter with either prospects or person, yet there creeps over one a strange feeling of miserable sadness and discontent with the world in general.

Next time you get into the grip of this unaccountable mood, just put your best leg forward and get away from the noise of streets as quickly as possible.

Get out somewhere with the trees and sky.

Then with the glow of the exercise still upon you, stand perfectly still and listen.

Presently through the trees will come to your ears a droning sound—sometimes soft and low—sometimes loud and angry.

It is the Song of the Wind.

No human song will ever equal the croon of the wind for bringing a sense of calm peace over the mind.

Stand still and listen.

Your imagination will take wild flights—you will feel strangely strengthened and will make resolutions half unconsciously. Then turn your face towards home and with the smoke of your favourite briar flying behind, strike out for civilisation. You will feel refreshed and vaguely puzzled.

Somehow you feel that away back there with the trees and sky there are things to be learned.

Anyhow the "blues" have gone!

CARRYING A CAPE.

The advisability of carrying a cape on a bicycle is undoubted in this climate when you never know when you may be drenched to the skin. You owe it to yourself and your cycle always to carry a cape for your mutual protection against sudden showers.

But the question is where and how to carry it?

Some men strap it to a carrier on the handlebars, others put it in place of the tool bag at the back of the saddle, carrying the tools, if they are not so foolish as to leave them behind altogether, in a triangular bag in the corner of the frame.

The ideal method, however, is to fix it to the frame above the back fork and below the saddle. Here it is out of sight and out of the way.

It may be fastened with straps, which should be of webbing and not leather, so that it may be exactly adjusted, but the best carrier consists of two clips of bent wire, which grip the rolled cape by means of a spring, so that no straps are necessary and the cape can be taken out and put on in a second.

These clips cost extremely little and are sold by any cycle dealer. They are most useful, when the cape is not required, for carrying small parcels.

DOING NOTHING.

The only man who really enjoys life is the man who is a good loafer.

The essence of rest and holiday is to do nothing, or at least just to do whatever comes along. People who live under pressure and live a sort of "Chinese puzzle life," fitting in engagements and occupying every minute of their time, are the people who court nervous breakdowns.

Hustle may pay in business, but it certainly does not if it is kept up through the holidays.

The ability to spend his leisure profitably without having it mapped out beforehand is one of the greatest arts a man can possess, and it is for want of having learnt this at school or in their early years that so many young fellows come to grief.

They have no power of amusing themselves, and require artificial amusement all the time—which is both expensive and dangerous.

A MAN'S SCRAP ALBUM.

I know of nothing that gives me a keener enjoyment than to turn over the pages of what I call my "scrap album."

It calls up old memories and reminds me of happy days. For years I have saved its contents, the most extraordinary medley, and it will only be complete when the time comes for me to leave this mortal coil, and hand over this record of my life to another.

What does it contain? It would take hours to tell you half the oddments that are stuck to its pages, but suffice it to say that they have all a personal interest to *me*.

Photographs are the most important item, snapshots by me or of me, or of those who are near and dear to me; groups in which I figure, photos of teams and clubs of which I was once a proud member, photos of camps and reviews in which I was a humble unit.

Then, too, there are newspaper cuttings, references to myself in one capacity or another, reports of matches in which I took part, or memorable scenes at which I was present.

Old school lists, sports' programmes, sketches of or by my friends, notices of meetings I have attended—perhaps impressed on my memory by a great speech from a famous man—these are some of the mementoes I have collected.

Dance programmes, menus of convivial dinners signed by my fellow guests, bits of ribbon that I wore proudly at school when I "got my colours," and a hundred and one other things of the same kind—they all find a place in the scrap-album.

"Rather egotistical," you may say. Maybe, but surely it is pardonable.

TATTOOING.

Near almost every military barracks you will find someone who professes to be an expert in tattooing. He has some sort of shop, the window of which is decorated—more or less—with pictures showing wonderful designs in red, green and blue ink upon the backs, arms and chests of the "Professor's" victims.

It is difficult to imagine why anyone should ever feel the inclination to have his body disfigured in this manner. Nothing is more beautiful than a well developed human arm, nothing more hideous than an arm round which is twisted the tattooed image of a badly designed snake.

Various means have been suggested by which tattoo marks can be removed, and editors of weekly papers constantly receive requests for some means by which these abominations can be obliterated.

Electrolysis is sometimes effectual and so also is the pricking in of fresh ordinary cream. But the process of cure is considerably more painful than that experienced while the decoration was being put on.

Should this be read by anyone who contemplates having himself tattooed, I would urge him to think twice before doing so. I myself was one disfigured in this manner, and when my eyes were opened to the hideousness and vulgarity of it, I felt that no expense was too great to have it removed. The marks are still in my flesh, but the colouring has gone, and I give my case as a warning to others.

A CHANCE FOR YOU.

There must be something you can tell your fellow readers—something that would interest them—something new. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. A. G. Grant, 32, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, S.E., for "The Song of the Wind."

SCRATCHED LEGGINGS.

You may have found when you dismount after a ride that your leggings are badly cut about on the inside of the leg just about the calf.

If you do not notice this until you take them off, you may wonder what is the cause of it.

The scratching is due to the girth buckles coming exactly between your calves and the panel of the saddle.

It is worth while, therefore, to see that the buckles do not come in this position before you mount, for the method of correcting the trouble is simple, though many men are apt to think it unavoidable.

On most saddles the buckles can be got out of the way by loosening the girth on one side to its full extent, and then strapping it up as tight as possible on the other.

This brings one pair of buckles below the saddle flap, and the other usually so low down that owing to the curves of the horse's flank and of your leg they do not come into contact with your legging.

PICKETING A KICKER.

One of the most important things that the Yeoman, or any Territorial who has to deal with horses in camp, has to learn, is the correct method of picketing a horse.

If the animal is quiet, he is put in the horse lines, which will be found ready laid out by the quarter-master and his attendant sprites, and his head-rope is fastened to the built-up head-line, and a shackle, fixed to a peg four yards behind the head-line, is buckled to his near hind leg just above the fetlock.

If, however, you have to deal with a kicker, he will soon kick the peg out of the ground, and will then get to work on his neighbours in the lines, and the result may be that bugbear of all mounted units, a stampede.

Here is a tip for preventing this.

Fasten to the loop on your heel-peg a metal ring such as is on the head-rope. Then take two heel-ropes and splice them together so that you have one rope with a strap and buckle at each end.

Pass one end through the ring on the peg and fasten the shackles to both the hind legs of the horse.

Now if he kicks, he will give his other leg such a jerk as almost to throw him down. He will try it once or twice to find out what on earth is happening, but he will soon decide that the game is not worth the candle and remain quiet.

A TIP FOR TOMMY.

The soldier may usually be trusted to find out the best way of getting through his work satisfactorily in the shortest time, and in the matter of cleaning belts, accoutrements, straps, chains, harness and so on, the Territorial or civilian may pick up some very useful tips from him.

The best method is to have attached to one's belt a hook—an ordinary butcher's meat hook is what Tommy generally uses—and to fasten one end of the strap or chain to some fixed object—a bale-hook in the stable, a tent-pole, or even a tent-peg and the other to this hook. Then you can lean back and have both hands free for the cleaning process, and anyone who has tried polishing leather and buckles while holding the strap tight with one hand will realise what a benefit this is. It enables you to take your cloth in both hands and draw it to and fro, and gets the work done in half the time.

For cleaning the chains and metal parts of harness, and spur-chains, the best way is to anoint them with a little oil, preferably paraffin, and to put them all with a little sand into a cloth.

Then take the four corners of the cloth in your hand and swing it round your head, or somewhat ally shake the links well together, and when you take them out, the chains will only need a rub, with the aid of the hook on your belt, to take off the oil, and make them as bright as a new pin.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

OHN HILARY GARRATT.

THE FOOL'S WAY.

nd stirred faintly in the tall
ont of the old Hall, and the
aves of autumn ran gusty races down
Beyond the Gate, the dusty road
between the hedges, showed up white
llow autumn moon, and lost itself sud-
darksome wooded land. Through the
lights of the Hall glinted, and from
window came the sounds of laughter
so clearly on the hush of the evening.
strains of "Eileen Alannah."
the company were humming the song
with its light and tender swing.
Alannah, Eileen Asthore,
f my life, and my queen evermore."
, the man, wrapped in a light thread-
coat, drew closer to the window and
against the ivy that grew on the old
e tried to peep through the blinds, into
whose cracked old oak-panelled walls
ng his first memories.
was a comfortable homely scene, the
ing he had not experienced for a time,
ed almost beyond counting. An open
ht in the Venetian blind showed it all
He took stock of the company—old
ea who hunted the Hounds, Jimmy
e his best friend, and George Vannerton
neighbouring Grange, a young gentle-
sported yellow waistcoats, continually
thing stocks, and looked of the horse—

piano his sister was playing—the girl
wn into a woman now. George
n seemed the most interested in her.
y didn't know he was outside watch-
!

orus broke out again uproariously, but
e seemed to cut sharply into the brain
n outside. It took him back ten years
-back to the time when the world was
g to him, and the country deadly dull.
lays the outer world had called to him—
of the City, the hurrying strains of life,
ver-moving kaleidoscopic picture.
that cup of Life he had drunk deep—
who had taken the Fool's Way.
red through the blind again. A tall
n had entered by the door of the room.
. H. greeted him effusively, and Van-
asped his hand with the fervour of a
looked on another as a future brother-

ool outside trembled. Gad! All this
really! The right of the elder son—
ad thrown it blindly into the hands of
his brother, tossed it away, "drowned
ur in a shallow cup, and sold his re-
for a song."
moment he paused. Should he go
nce he came, and leave them to their
?

aying stopped. There was an anxious
he face of Henry his brother. The
se and gathered round him,
ool outside just heard that his father's
s mentioned, in low, serious tones. Then
was shut down softly by his sister.
t candles on the mantelpiece that gave
old-world effect to the scene, were ex-
d. The company filed out of the room

was the last to leave. Something in-
n to come back to turn down the slat
nd that let a ray of light into the room.
ool darted back guiltily. Even keener
rne to him then that there in that peace-
English homestead he had no right.
he had broken its peace.
e away softly and made for the drive.
s his weakness he tiptoed back again,
k along to the verandah where the
windows of the library opened on to the
ond.

oom was in darkness. Well, it was
ugh to get in, and for a few minutes
indulge in the luxury of being Home again, the old familiar musty smell of the library, and the grave "tick-tock" from the old clock in the corner. He pulled a penknife out of his pocket, and somehow he caught himself laughing because he was doing that boy's trick of his once more. Boy's trick! The little lock shot back. He parted the heavy curtains, and stepped inside.

Lord! He was Home again! He groped about and felt the familiar furniture with his finger tips. It was a luxury, and merely the touch of the old chairs thrilled him.

He gasped with delight when he found the rickety-backed one in the corner as usual, the chair that, as a boy, he had broken—and got a first-class "licking" in consequence.

Then he flung himself down into an armchair, stretched out his legs, and breathed it all in.

What a home-coming for the man who had robbed even his father to luxuriate in the glamour of the town, the paddocks of the race courses, the smiles of the queens of song and dance!

What a finish to "Beau" Barton—to crawl home, sickened, sorry, beaten and disgraced! No pluck to die like a gentleman who is ruined—by his own hand; so weak that he wanted nothing but the quiet, simple home he could joke about so wittily among his late "set" in town. "Beau" Barton had had the sense to drop the "set" before it dropped him, when his supplies were running out, but he could imagine what they were saying in London—

"Where's Barton? Oh, Barton's having a gay time somewhere, you can bet!"

And they would be waiting for him to "turn up," waiting for him to put the "go" into everything, to be the same old "Beau" Barton again!

They did not know that Verney Barton—"Beau" no longer—had sneaked back to the home that disowned him. He put his hand over his face. His "friends" would have laughed anyone down who as much as suggested that "Beau" was appearing in public actually requiring a shave. That was too prosaic! Verney lying back in that chair in the dark laughed—but it was mirthless. In this life there is much bitterness in little things—

C-lick! The library door was unlatched and wheezed open. An ever widening stream of light showed at the entrance.

Verney instinctively smoothed his hair back and took off his cap, but it was his brother's form silhouetted against the doorway.

Two seconds later, the light was up. Henry was searching for something. Verney remained motionless. Perhaps the boy would go out without seeing him? Verney almost prayed he would. But—no. The young man turned and dropped a book he had taken from a shelf.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" the tall youth rapped out, throwing the book down upon the table.

"Close the door, Henry," said the man in the chair. His brother looked at him closely.

"Good Lord!" he said, and closed the door softly. "I didn't know you for a minute, Verney. I was a kid when you went away, you know. Well, how's Australia lookin'?"

"Australia?" Verney Barton stared sharply at his brother.

"Yes. It is Australia you've been to, isn't it? 'Least the Governor always says he hears from you every month, though he never shows me the letters—very close the Governor is."

Verney Barton was silent for some moments.

"Don't you know," he asked slowly, "why I was here in the dark—why I've sneaked in by the verandah window?"

"Well, the Governor always says when we ask him about you—that you were odd—a little wild. When I was a kid, too, I knew that dodge about the catch in the window. It goes back with a nail or a penknife, doesn't it——"

"A 'little odd,'" Verney broke in miserably, "is that all the Governor, as you call him, has told you about me?"

"Yes. You went off to Australia in a hurry, didn't you? When I came back from school you had gone."

"And how did the Governor seem to take it?" Verney Barton hung anxiously on his brother's reply.

"Oh, seemed sorry you'd gone. Went about the house, I remember, saying 'Verney, Verney, why didn't you ask me like a man and I'd have helped you!' He used to tramp up and down in the library here, his hands behind his back. I daresay you've seen him when he's worried? Yes, he did seem rather cut up because you'd gone——"

Verney Barton stopped him.

"And now—how is my father now?" he asked, for that sudden breaking up of the party, that he had seen through the blind, came to his mind.

"He's showing his age, Verney—his heart troubles him, and the doctor says——"

Henry paused for a moment.

"Go on," said his brother anxiously.

"Says he should not be exposed to any chance of shock. I suppose you thought you'd come in quietly and give us all a surprise, but——"

"Good Lord!" The man in the chair had sprung to his feet, and, swiftly crossing to the door of the room, locked it.

"You fool, Henry boy, supposing he'd come in here and seen me—seen me!"

The youngster darted a startled, stupid glance at his brother.

"The Governor said he had a letter from you from Australia this morning," he said, "but he didn't tell us you were coming home. You must have come by the same mail boat——"

Verney crossed to his brother.

"Can you keep a secret, kid?" he asked softly.

"Yes," answered the boy—he was but little more.

"Well, it's rather a big secret. Your father has kept it for over ten years. Now, can you hold steady if I tell you something—well—*horrible?*"

"I'll try."

Verney Barton grasped his brother's shoulder tightly, as if to hold him.

"Henry," he said, while he strove to choke back something that rose in his throat, "I've never been to Australia in my life, and the Governor, as you call him, has lied to you and your sister to save me in your eyes! Got that?"

Amazement showing on his face, the boy nodded.

His brother looked at him calmly and without any trace of flinching.

"Yes—never been to Australia," Verney went on unsteadily, "and not written a line to my father since—since I robbed him ten years ago. Steady, boy! Got *that?*"

"Verney, Verney!" Tears were welling up in the boy's eyes, and he strove bravely to

keep them back, but one trickled piteously down his cheek.

"Youngster, I'm not worth it. I'm not, really. Can you stand any more? It was a big sum. I've been leading the 'gay' life down there in the South—London, but it's finished, as the money is finished, and I would not go back to it now if I could. Now listen. I came back here to-night to get a taste of the old home again, came back from the Way that some day you may be tempted to travel when the old Hall's yours, and what is left of the family's money is yours also. Lift up your head, kid. I am not fit to look you straight in the face, but I will for one moment. So! . . . Henry, never take that Fool's Way as I have. Stick to this, however humdrum it may seem, and, pray God, your tastes and inclinations are different to mine. That's all."

Verney Barton took his hand from his brother's shoulder. The boy mechanically sought the support of the table as one dazed.

His brother went over to the red shaded lamp in the corner.

"Stay where you are, kid," he said, "and forget utterly that you have seen me."

The lamp was turned out suddenly and there was darkness in the library.

The French window clicked again and a shadowy figure passed out into the night.

Verney Barton had gone to meet that certain Fate which is at the end of the Fool's Way.

ACTING UP TO IT.

There are certain things we want, and it is only natural that we should have a shot at getting them, but in very many cases the new and coveted possession entails an expenditure far greater than we reckoned on.

Take such a simple matter as the wearing of a silk hat.

In our changeable weather you will get your silk hat spotted with rain once a week on an average. You must act up to that silk hat and you must keep it trim and shining. The humble bowler would have stood the shower without any bad effects, but the topper requires to be ironed—an expenditure of sixpence.

To wear a diamond tie-pin is extravagant in more ways than one. You must act up to it. You must be ready to stand treat to all and sundry, for presumably you are a millionaire.

These are only two little instances, but they illustrate the necessity for considering in advance the possible expenditure that a new possession or a new hobby will entail. Whatever you have, or whatever rôle you play, you naturally feel that you must act up to it, and it is wise to ponder, before you take the decisive step, whether or not you can afford to do so.

THE OARSMAN'S PARADISE.

The delights of rowing and the splendid exercise that it affords are often partly counterbalanced at the time by the necessity for hard work at it every day, and the irksomeness of training.

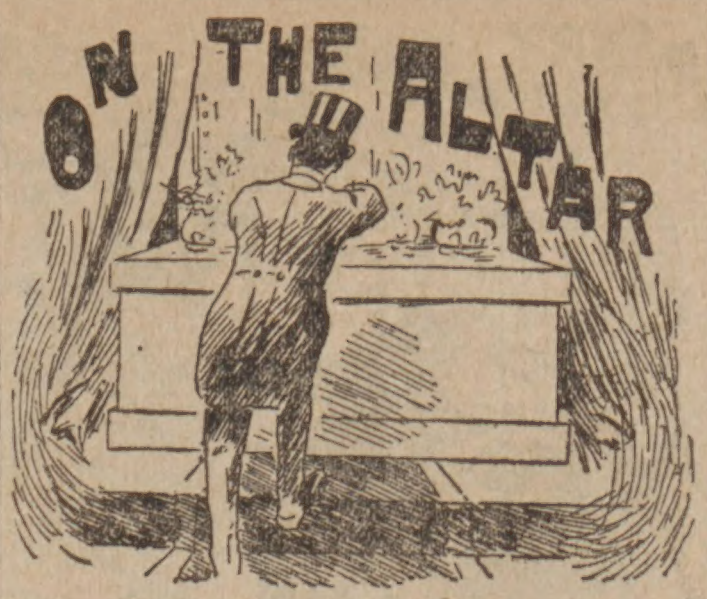
But there is no doubt that it is worth it all and more to experience the joy of "coming out of training," and of feeling a free man once more, able to regulate, or neglect to regulate, one's life as one wills.

Some of the participants in the big races at Henley—practically the last event of other than local interest in the rowing season—will have experienced that joy but for very brief spaces this year.

For the 'Varsity Blue training for Eights or Mays follows all too close on the long weeks of training for the Boat-race, and close on that comes the period of self-denial with a view to Henley.

Yet there is something sad about coming out of training. The oarsman feels like one who has lost a dear friend, utterly at a loose end.

He may have vowed to give himself a rest from the very sight of the river, but probably his footsteps turn almost instinctively to its banks, and he sallies forth in a little sculling whiff for want of the accustomed eight.



High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death!—WORDSWORTH.

I have laid my life on the altar.

Not of godliness, but ambition.

Not that I am ungodly, for, though I have small professions in the way of religion, yet I am honest as the world understands honesty.

When sometimes I stand in the darkness, watching the flames on the altar, watching my sacrificed possessions curling upwards in smoke, the smoke does not seem to have the fragrance of incense.

It seems to be an offering that is pleasing neither to the receiver nor the giver.

It would not be so bad if these sacrifices were burned away at once, but, while ever being consumed, they appear to be indestructible. The flames leap up laughing at me mockingly.

Each flicker seems like a lost possession, and the smoke is foul.

The sacrifices I have made to win success are simplicity and youth.

I have given them up, not willingly, but without realising that I was losing them.

They seemed to be of no account, for I had set my mind on something that seemed infinitely better.

I am still young, but when people hazard a guess at my age, they invariably add ten years on to my life.

I am not old with ill-health or hardship. I have simply lost my simplicity through having to harden myself in the battle of business.

That is why my eyes are calm, calculating and passionless; that is why there are none of the charming, wondering, doubtful lines that you find about the lips of most men of my age who are still feeling their way through life and trying to fathom its mysteries.

My philosophy is of the most primitive kind.

It is simply to make money.

But it is not quite primitive enough to give me happiness, for memory returns periodically—the memory of the man, or rather the boy, I once was—simple, eager to please and to be pleased, with the eagerness of unsatisfied desire brightening my expression, and with the intense interest of youth dominating my whole outlook.

And when the memory of these things comes back, I find myself standing in the darkness, standing and watching the sweet dead past being consumed but never exhausted by the flames that leap upwards.

It is the sacrifice I have offered to the god of fame and fortune.

Would that he would take gold instead!

He could have it—all I possess—if only he would give me back again the innocence, the joy, the trusting simplicity of youth.

There are those who envy me, who cringe and crawl to me. I wonder if they would do it if they knew my thoughts, if they knew the hell of disappointment that burns in me in spite of the world saying I have won success.

Oh, that I could start afresh, that I could be young again in spirit as well as in years.

I have made a modest fortune, but I have paid too dearly for it.

I have placed all that is worth having upon the altar.

J. C.

DON'T!

SOME MASCULINE CAUTIONS.

Don't play cards, billiards, or any other game of skill or chance with strangers for money. They may be all right, but it is far more probable that they want to win your money, and can make a certainty of doing so.

Don't get into conversation with affable strangers on race-courses or imagine that betting rings are frequented by genuine philanthropists anxious to fill your pockets with good, red gold.

Don't interfere in street rows, especially between a man and a woman. I know there is a strong temptation to step in, but if you do it is 10 to 1 on that they will both turn and rend you.

Don't mix your drinks. It is not the beer, or the whisky, or the port that hurts, it's the combination of them.

Don't advise a man on love affairs. Where a woman is concerned, a man is best left alone to work out his own damnation or salvation.

Don't take your uniform where you wouldn't take your sister.

Don't suppose that wild oats can be sown in straight furrows. They can't.

Don't underrate an adversary. More battles of all kinds have been lost by that mistake than by any other.

Don't back a bill for a pal. Give him or lend him the money by all means, if you can, but to back a bill is the worst kind of foolishness, for it is you who will have to pay up if your pal doesn't, and if you can't find the money now how do you know you will be able to find it later on?

Don't bite off more than you can chew.

Don't forget that there are thousands of men wandering about homeless and without boots through not leading from five trumps. Which, if you are not a whist-player, means that it is a fatal mistake not to make the most of your strength, when you have the chance.

Don't imagine that you are the exception to the rule. In other words, don't think that you can take risks which the accumulated experience of mankind has found usually to be fatal.

Don't marry a woman out of your own class. In 99 cases out of 100 such a marriage means misery for *both*.

Don't grieve more than sixpenceworth over a lost sixpence.

Don't think that you are the one man who understands women. The wise man doesn't even try to understand them.

Don't talk about private matters in public; you never know who may be listening.

Don't speak ill of anybody in the presence of strangers; they may be the defamed one's best friends.

Don't boast of the clever coup you are going to bring off; one of your hearers may take the tip and nip in before you've done talking.

Don't look round when you are winning to see how far the other fellow is behind.

Don't delude yourself that anything worth having is to be had for the asking.

Don't forget that it seldom pays to make enemies, however insignificant and harmless they may appear.

Don't worry about your weakness; it is not that that makes a man conspicuous, but his consciousness of it.

Don't make the mistake of the Dutch, which in matters of commerce is giving too little and asking too much.

Don't lose faith in humanity; there are lots of people who haven't played you a single nasty trick.

Don't kid yourself you are indispensable; no man is.

Don't believe everything the lady with peroxide hair and down-at-heel French shoes tells you. She may be the daughter of a clergyman, and a deeply wronged woman, but you are not responsible for her misfortunes. Possibly she loves you for yourself alone, but probably you are not the first she has told that pretty tale to.

C. CORLETT.

JOSH'S LIGHTNING MIXTURE

A RACING SKETCH

By C. F. DAWSON.

"... said our friend the Globe Trotter, ... surveyed the world through race ... ses, 'is an American story and Truth as she ... naked and unashamed."

"It's somewhere about two years ago now," ... commenced. "You chaps ever heard of my ... nd, Josh P. Hudson? Ah, well, p'raps not. ... was only a plain millionaire. In the custo... ... ry American manner he went and made piles ... money out of something, and immediately ... came a bloated aristocrat. Josh was pretty ... rage fond of anything in the animal line, ... used to devote his spare time to huntin' ... gs (which is real American for butterflies). ... Besides that, he kept a sort of stud farm of ... ng. ... ts, guinea pigs, and all that sort of ... ually did not run racehorses and mentioned it ... ually to him.

"When Josh heard that intelligence he was ... It was quite an oversight on his ... mid, and, promisin' the Sec. a thou... ... ares in the only invention of his that ... er paid, he added he should buy a few ... ashers and train them himself. Now, when ... anything, however blinkin' ... with him. The Sec. hadn't taken ... tle maxim to heart. ... instead, he reminded Josh that his know... ... ge of horse flesh was limited to the potted ... manufactured and shipped to the Old ... . He was a pretty 'cute humorist, that ... but it doesn't pay to prophesy evil unto ... llionaires. And, inside two minutes, the Sec. ... and himself called upon to find something ... in getting the sack.

"... s amateur Mark Twain didn't like ... ittle bit, and he went straight over to ... nemy, that is to say, to Hiram K. Karrol, ... was Hudson's *bête noir*. Karrol, for the ... e didn't bear Josh, took him on. ... When he heard that Josh was goin' to train ... own racehorses, he bashed the Sec.'s hat in ... of sheer joy, because old Karrol, you know, ... got some of the best bits o' blood in the ... tes.

"... I couldn't beat him in Wall Street,' ... Hiram, 'I'll have his life at racing!' ... We will!' echoed the Sec., adoptin' the ... torial line, and the two villains sniggered ... nsiderable over what they were goin' to do to ... r old Hudson.

"Well, for a time they had their way, and ... to finish second or far behind ... time, and this was a hundred ... more satisfactory to Hiram than the ... t Josh's horses in. He'd square half the field to ... iram K. Karrol!

"But one day Karrol, for a change, tried to ... in with somethin' the Public fancied, and a ... of old Hudson's flashes up like lightning ... the rails and pips it by a neck.

"Hiram indulged in a little edifyin' American ... ang, for that gee had finished sixth to his at ... same weight and distance the last time out. ... Hiram went and reported the whole thing ... ards, but old Josh started giving ... long speeches that, for the sake of ... they didn't even ask him to trouble to ... lain the runnin'. They'd have still been lis... ... in' to-day, because Josh could talk the head ... Big Bill Taft and half the Senate.

"One of the stewards, too, had been an Eng... ... h Member of Parliament in his young days, ... as soon as Hiram started makin' a speech ... instinctively went to sleep.

"After that Josh kept winnin' race after race, ... ntil Hiram and Co. got fairly sick. He'd buy ... d crocks out of little races, and the next day ... ose supposed recruits for Josh's meat tins ... ould come up and win thousand dollar handi... ... ers. His training establishment consisted of one hoodoo'd stable boy with a big nose and an evil reputation. That boy would come home on the nags' necks, hangin' on by his eyelids, but winnin' in the commonest of hack canters.

"Karrol reckoned that Josh must have some extra special method of training the nags, and, ever ready to improve his mind, he sent men to watch round Josh's palatial park, but they never saw a single crock do what you would call genuine work. Besides this, every advertisement hoardin' in New York City had a huge picture of Josh on it, leadin' in one of his winnin' gees, with the crowd flingin' their hats in the air all correct. It was a bill about one of his patent medicines, and read underneath:

"'TRY JOSH HUDSON'S SPECIAL LIGHTNING MIXTURE, AND YOU WILL ALWAYS FINISH FIRST IN LIFE'S RACE.'

"On every race track, too, Josh was walkin' about wearin' that dangerous oily smile of his, which drew a choice vocabulary of bad language from Hiram. He pointed out the objectionable streaks in Josh's countenance to his Sec.

"'When the old man grins like that,' said the Sec., 'you can bet he's meditatin' something more than usual dam 'cute. Leave him to me!'

"Then that misguided young man went and put on a wig, left his money at home, and, thus, perfectly disguised himself as an artist, wantin' to paint the natural beauties of Josh's artificial lake—and flirtin' with the servants between times.

"Josh had a new lady typist who was very artistic. She used to turn out the designs on the meat tins and the patent medicine labels, and she looked on the young man with the glued-on long hair as a twin soul—so she told him.

"The imitation dauber kept leadin' up to the subject of Josh's racin' and 'cutely guessin' Sadie would be in the confidence of the Old Man, he soon gathered from her that Josh was in the habit of treating his horses to a daily dose of somethin' in the medicine line. Gatherin' where it was kept, and knowin' the house so well, a little amateur burglin', Sadie bein' accomplice, was more than easy.

"He found a bottle of the stuff labelled 'Horse Lightning Mixture, No. 1,' in a store cupboard, and began to tumble to the whole thing. It was another of Josh's marvellous inventions. What a brain!

"He took it straight to Hiram, who clutched at it like a Scotchman in the Arctic Regions discovering a bottle of 'Mountain Dew.'

"'This is where we have him on the hip!' says Hiram, readin' the directions which were written on the label as plain as print in Josh's own fist. He promptly took a Pullman to Manhattan Race, where both Josh and himself had something extra entered in the big race.

"Followin' the directions, Hiram managed to give his horse, Blue Blazes, a dose of the dope just before he sent him to the post. Then he walked into the enclosure and backed Blue Blazes for all the 'ready' he could get on. But Josh, despite this, kept pilin' the dollars on his horse Tin Opener.

"Hiram thereupon went up to the stand, and started to be funny at the expense of Josh, who merely pulled at his billy-goat beard and smiled like a Cheshire kitten broke loose in a Mousery.

"When they had shouted 'Off!' Hiram sidled up to Josh so as to let him hear him crow when Blue Blazes had won. It was a mile and a-halfer, and for a moment you could only see a cloud of dust comin' up the rails. Then somebody with an extra powerful pair of field-glasses yelled out, 'All Chicago to nothing on Tin Opener!' and when we saw the Hudson green and yellow spots whizzing by, we knew what had done it!

"'Where's Blue Blazes!' roars Hiram, for the horse wasn't with 'em at all.

"Josh politely hands him his binoculars and, absent-mindedly snatchin' these things, Hiram directs them to a convulsive animal dancin' about like a circus pony on hot bricks, riderless, and some two furlongs from home on his lonesome. You should have seen Hiram's face!

"But Josh was kindness itself. 'May I give you a bit of advice, partner?' he asked, while Hiram cussed somewhat. 'Then don't meddle with two things you don't understand, one of which is the Lightning Mixture, and the other a pure-souled virtuous lady typist named Sadie. My boy, the bottle of Lightning Mixture that Sadie practically handed to your enterprising secretary was as incomplete as a Seidlitz Powder without the contents of the blue paper.'

"'What do you mean?' asked Hiram, purple with temper.

"'Why,' said Josh, 'there are two parts to the Lightning Mixture, the Invigorator and the Propeller. You've left out the Propeller, that's all! Yes, you've finished a tarnation bad second this time, but I'll be fair with you,' says Josh, 'almighty fair!'

"He feels in his pocket and takes out a handbill.

"'Here's good advice for you, Hiram,' he says, reading it. 'Try Josh Hudson's special Lightning Mixture, and you will always finish first in Life's Race! First, mind you, Hiram. Seventy-five cents per bottle—and dirt cheap at the price!'"

TASTE IN THE GARDEN.

The successful gardener is always an artist. He can conceive an effect while he is still planning it, and, as he looks in the early spring upon the bare earth, he knows exactly how his beds and borders will appear when the flowers come up. But it is not merely in planting that the artistic instinct is required, for the gardener must throughout the whole flowering season endeavour to mould the work of nature into greater beauty.

Now when nasturtiums and other creepers are in full growth, it is worth your while to consider new schemes—quite simple ones—by which your garden may be beautified.

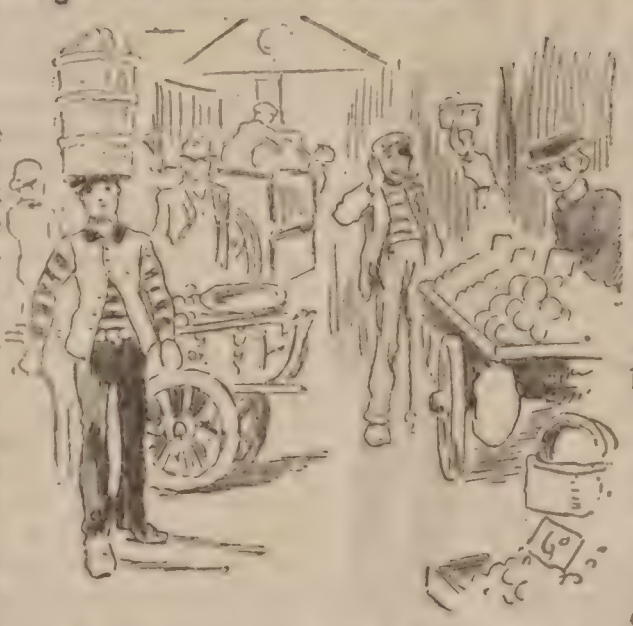
There is a clump of nasturtiums somewhere that has waxed stronger than you expected. There is no need to allow the creeper to trail on the ground and thus do damage; neither is it necessary, unless under exceptional circumstances, to uproot it.

Almost anywhere you can turn a growing nasturtium to good effect by planting a stake six or seven feet high beside it and training it round. It is not against a wall, and that very fact lends to the new arrangement of the creeper a certain novelty which is pleasing to the eye.

It would be folly to change about growing plants; but, all the same, even at this season various new arrangements can be made to enhance the pleasures of your garden. For example, you may cut at one corner of the lawn a crescent-shaped bed and put into it various seedlings, such as geraniums and calceolarias, which you may happen to have over after filling your other borders.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

XIX. COVENT GARDEN.



It used to be the fashion for "young bloods" to visit Covent Garden Market in the small hours of the morning, to have a friendly "turn-up" with some of the porters and other market hands, to drink "dog's nose" and other weird decoctions at adjacent inns, and then to adjourn to a good old English breakfast.

To some extent the fashion survives, though the modern "blood" is often distinguished by the absence of the vital fluid, except as a poor, thin, watery sort of liquid, has about as much notion of self-defence as a hermit crab out of its shell, and would turn several unhealthy colours if confronted with a rump steak and a pot of strong ale for breakfast.

Nevertheless, it is still the thing to visit the Market after a Covent Garden Ball, while Colonial and American visitors turn up in fair numbers on market mornings, and truly Covent Garden is worth seeing when most folks are fast asleep.

A STRANGE MEDLEY.

It is an extraordinary medley of town and country, of sharp-faced or bloated Jew and simple British countryman, of chaos and order, of sweet smells from the fruits of the earth and foul language from those who peddle them, of rustic honesty and town trickery, and the clean air of God's orchards and the stagnant atmosphere of the city, of good and evil, of wholesomeness and corruption.

I do not like the average Covent Garden merchant, for as a rule he is a Jew, and a Jew of an unpleasant type, dirty, unscrupulous, bent on besting the Gentile, and to me it is revolting that the fairest of Nature's products should pass through the unclean hands of these people, that honest Englishmen should toil and moil and delve and dig mainly to line the greasy pockets of Sheeny capitalists.

I do not think I am prejudiced against Jews—a good Jew is as fine a man as you could wish to meet—but the Jew and Nature are antipathetic; one never pictures the Jew as husbandman, and he seems strangely out of place at Covent Garden, though he practically owns it.

HARD WORK.

Nevertheless, I will do the Covent Garden Jew the justice of admitting that he works hard. But so does everyone in the Market from the minute there arrives the first of the long string of top-heavy wagons that has been wending its way through peaceful country lanes in the watches of the night till the last coster's barrow is loaded up and there is temporary peace.

They have no use for idlers in the Market, and work is conducted at the fiercest pressure, and to the accompaniment of an extraordinary babel of yells and screeches.

Away down Henrietta Street there stretches a serried line of costers' barrows waiting their turn to be served. From somewhere in the Market there comes an eldritch shriek, indicative, one would say, of nothing but a soul in torment, but apparently it is intelligible, for instantly there is bustle in the line and the favoured individual goes off to stock his barrow.

The Covent Garden coster is to my mind rather a disappointing chap, very unlike himself as depicted on the stage. The gloomiest pessimist I ever met in my life was a coster, and the language he used about unmentionable creatures who represented costers as always going about singing sentimental ditties was painful to hear.

But he has his good points; he works hard, is a man who can use his "dukes" and generally take care of himself, and while I have never found him a humorous person, he takes life as he finds it and often sees the brighter side of it.

The Covent Garden porter has my unstinted admiration. Daily he performs feats with crates and baskets that would put a Cinquevalli to the blush, and daily he solves problems of space and capacity that would baffle any ordinary man.

Also he daily courts the risk of being charged with manslaughter, if not murder, for he has a sublime disregard for the rights of the passer-by, and if you don't care to "look out" when he hurls a heavy crate past your ears, or dumps a barrel of apples within an inch of your toes, well, it is not his business, but yours.

HIGH STAKES.

Inside the little booths lights are burning and the men of brains and money are arming for the fray. Talk of Stock Exchange gambling, it is "bumble puppy" compared with the daily gambles of Covent Garden Market—a gamble with rain, and wind, and sun and shadow, a gamble with Nature, and a gamble with some of the cleverest bargainers in the world. Oh, a man has got to be mighty sharp to keep his end up in the Market, and often the laborious savings of years are swept away in a moment by some unfortunate deal, some sudden and disastrous change of weather.

Chaos seems to reign at Covent Garden; to the onlooker it is a hopeless hurly-burly of meaningless shouts and cries, of haphazard dumping of barrels, baskets, boxes, crates anywhere and everywhere, of frantic jostlings and pushings, occasional fights, sulphurous language, and bestial bellowings. You do not see man at his best at Covent Garden; you see him pushed, harassed, driven, primitive and ugly, running a mad race with time, swept here and there like a straw in a whirlpool, and indifferent to all save the money value of the sweet, clean goods he handles.

STALWART ENGLISHMEN.

The wagoners, however, are a redeeming feature in the otherwise unpleasing landscape of Covent Garden. Though their first thought and highest ambition may be to bury their noses in unlimited pots of beer, they bring with them a whiff of the country; they are worth a dozen of the little Sheeny hucksters who could buy them up a hundred times over. Great, stupid, patient fellows, they are none the less wholesome men, untainted by the money-making ideals of the Market.

And here and there among the employers you will find an Englishman, sturdy, rosy-cheeked, a lover of Nature, but he is exceptional, the more's the pity.

Covent Garden is worth seeing in the early morning, but to a Briton it is a saddening sight.

England's fields, England's orchards, England's gardens are stripped for the most part for the benefit of Jewish middlemen. One by one home industries are being wrested from us and fruit, flower, and vegetable growing is rapidly passing from our hands, except as workers who fill the pockets of others.

If you visit Covent Garden Market and you have the time to spare, wait till about mid-day, and cross to the Covent Garden Hotel, and go to the billiard-room which is downstairs.

There you will find the men who control the Market playing pool, and it is a sight worth seeing.

Talk of Greek meeting Greek!

PETER GILCHRIST.

PAYING YOUR FOOTING.

Yield with graciousness.—Cowper.

We all of us have to pay our footing from the day we come into the world. for the privilege of existence by liability or other of the ills that human flesh is heir

Later, we go to school, and again we to pay our footing among our new it may be, as at Winchester, by broken on one's head, or, as at by having to stand up on a table song, or, the most general test of all, sooner or later to fight another boy our worth or worthlessness.

Then, on leaving school, once more to pay toll, or find ourselves outside the nature and extent of the exaction with different professions and callings.

Here are a few instances within knowledge:

At Oxford or Cambridge the freshman his footing by giving a "wine" to the his stair; that is, generally speaking, whose rooms adjoin his, and with whom likely to be brought into daily contact.

Then in the Army the new-joined subaltern to stand champagne to the mess the first he carries the colours, also tipping the members of the colour party.

In the Army, indeed, the practice of your footing is, perhaps, carried to excess every time an officer is promoted he is expected —and the expectation is practically a command —not only to stand champagne to the men, but to make a contribution to the mess plate (silver), while by regulation he has to make pretty substantial subscriptions to various regimental funds.

For instance, when an officer gets his company—that is, is promoted captain—it costs the best part of £25 in cash, exclusive of voluntary present of plate to the mess.

In the Navy you pay your footing more cheaply than in the Army. In the days of sailing ships the novice was sent aloft to perform some feat the technical name for which I have forgotten, but nowadays I believe that the only survival of paying your footing is the custom which ordains that when a midshipman joins the gun-room for the ward-room he shall stand drinks, not necessarily champagne, to his new companions, while a ship's biscuit is solemnly broken on his head—and from what I know of ships' biscuits I should say that naval officers have uncommonly thick—I mean, of course, solid in the sense of strong—heads.

On passenger steamers if you go down into the engine-room it is a dead cert that some engineman or other engine-room hand will chalk a circle round your feet as you stand watching the mighty machinery, and you are not allowed to step outside that circle without distributing certain coins for the purchase of lubricants.

Then the "outsider" who goes into the machine-room of a printing-works for the first time is expected to "shell out," while prominent examples of "paying your footing" are the initiation ceremonies and penalties of masonic and other orders.

The new-made A.R.A. or R.A. has to present a picture of his own to the Academy, while in sport there are such examples of paying your footing as the "blooding" of the young fox-hunter, and the ordeal of the successful deer-stalker who has to swallow a small cupful of the first victim's blood.

Turn where you will, you find that the newcomer has to pay his footing before he is admitted free of the company, and the wise man pays up cheerfully and promptly.

Indeed, there is no shorter road to unpopularity and ostracism than refusal to pay your footing, or an attempt to evade doing so.

The men who have preceded you have paid the toll exacted by custom, and they are not going to let you off if they can help it, and, so the wise man pays up promptly, while the fool blusters about his rights, intimidation, and rot of that kind.

OLIVER STOKES.

THE MAN WHO PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER

A SKETCH.

By ELLIOTT ROBINSON.

The man was beginning life in a sense.

He was a Londoner who had got an appointment in a Yorkshire town, and he had no friends there. Therefore he had the pleasure, or the difficulty, of picking and choosing.

Some instinct within him—[illegible] it was a bit of [illegible] which he had inherited from some forgotten ancestor—prompted him to get in tow with a set of young men who were called, by some, fast, but who were really fellows of the best.

They worked hard and well, not because they liked work, but because their pleasures demanded a good deal of money, and to get it they had, of course, to give value in return.

They were the sort of young men who were up to anything in an innocent sort of way.

They would go to the local music-hall of an evening and take so many seats in the front row of stalls, and they would applaud so vociferously that the artiste concerned was doubtful whether to regard the clapping and the shouted encore as a compliment or otherwise.

Few of the audience resented the behaviour of these young men, for they knew that it was merely the outcome of high youthful spirits.

Some nights they would betake themselves to a wooden building with a corrugated iron roof, which they glorified with the name of club-house, and there they would strip off their immaculate suits and spotless collars, and would dress themselves in running toggery.

There were other nights when they went straight home from their offices, arrayed themselves in all the bravery of Territorial uniforms and turned out to drill.

The young man from London liked them.

Somewhere at the deep bottom of his heart there was a spark of sporting instinct which found an affinity in them.

But he did not participate in all their recreations. There were some where he felt hopelessly out of it.

Once he thought that he would like to join the Yorkshire Dragoons and be able to wear breeches and spurs like the rest, but caution prompted him in the first place to take a seat in the gallery of the riding school and watch his friends as they went through a mounted drill.

It all seemed very easy, for they were good horsemen. Then came section work, and, as they rode side by side, one horse bumped against another.

Both the troopers concerned laughed, but the man from London shivered.

He knew that if he had been on either horse such a thing happened, he would have from the saddle in sheer blue funk; and of this was unpleasant.

[illegible]-hall when the drill was finished. His [illegible] merry with the exercise and with [illegible] of the restraint to discipline; but he [illegible]ly quiet. Introspection had begun; [illegible]e conscious of his faults or fail- [illegible] kind of knowledge is not pleasure-

[illegible] theatre, however, his self-confi- [illegible]. In the riding school he had felt [illegible] but in the theatre he was in his [illegible]. Many of the turns he had seen [illegible] knew which ones were not worth [illegible]. When their numbers were put up, [illegible]he suggested drinks, and he and his [illegible] retired to the bar.

There he was supreme. They drank as often as he did, but not so much. Several of them left long heel-taps in their glasses, and he laughed at them, and drained his to the bottom.

"Heel-taps don't run in my family," he said.

The evening wore on. Sometimes they went to the bar for their drinks, and sometimes they got the waiter to bring them to them. By and by, even the most cautious heel-tappers had rather more aboard than they ought to have.

They were standing together at the bar having their final.

"You're a bloomin' rotter," said one, "or you'd join us. I don't believe you've got the pluck. That's what's the matter with you. You like to come about with us, but you won't do any of the work."

It is strange how some men become pugnacious in their cups.

The young man from London flashed up in a moment.

"Haven't I got the pluck?" he said. "Just put them up and I'll show you!"

It was only a little bit of bluff, intended to intimidate his challenger, but it did not succeed. The Yeoman put up his hands and—uttering the one injunction "Come on!" waited calmly.

"Don't get quarrelsome," said the young man from London. "Have another drink."

That was all that happened inside the theatre worth relating. When they left one another, the young man went home to his lodgings. His brain was still fuddled with liquor, but of one thing he was painfully conscious, and that was that he had showed the white feather.

He knew he was a coward.

The man who had challenged him was a friend, but all the same he ought to have stood up to him; for a man's manhood is something even more sacred to him than friendship.

Why, he asked himself, had he not accepted the challenge? Why had he not taken on the scrap, even though losing was a certainty? He had seen the day when he would not have minded a whacking, but to-night it seemed to him as if taking on this fight were like walking into the grave.

A shock will sober a man almost at once, and so will intense thought. The young man thought intensely.

Why was he a coward? He had not once been so. Gradually the explanation came to him. He had been slacking; he had been taking too little exercise; he had been drinking too much and smoking more than he ought.

He made up his mind there and then to pull himself together.

He stripped off his clothes and sponged himself down. There seemed to be something gratifying in the clean coldness of the water. It was typical of his reformation.

He had been in the habit of going to bed with a cigarette between his lips and tossing it into the fender at the last moment, but to-night, when he opened his case automatically, he shut it again without taking anything from it.

He had made up his mind to smoke less.

In the morning he woke up with that feeling which inevitably follows a debauch on the previous evening. He felt that he could sell his immortal soul for an ounce of alcohol. A drink—a hair of the dog that bit him—would set him to rights; but though there was a bottle in the cupboard, he did not touch it.

He carried himself that morning a bit more straight than usual. There was no liquor in him, but he had found a new interest in life, a new impulse, and it gave him strength and courage.

He went to a swimming bath that evening and spent an hour in the water.

He had not swum for many years, but it was an exercise that had once appealed to him and he determined to take it up again. He went at it till he was more than tired, and before he dressed he found it necessary to rub his muscles well, for they were sore.

He went to bed that night earlier than he had done, and on the following morning he got up earlier also.

The great impulse was beginning to die away and soften. The day before he had been fighting; this morning he was merely maintaining a system which he had laid down for himself. Now he was following reason and not impulse, but the poisons were being forced out of his mind and out of his body, and he found that with very little self-restraint he could maintain the course on which he had decided to steer.

That evening he met several of his friends, and they went to the same music-hall together and to the same bar.

To-night they drank much less, for on the previous evening it had been he who had suggested refreshment, but to-night the suggestion always came from another quarter. At the end of the performance they were saying good-bye and they were all sober. He went up to the man who had been ready to fight him two nights before, and he spoke to him quietly.

"We don't want an audience, do we?" he said. "But we're going to see that scrap through. It will be for your good and mine."

None of the others heard, and they all said "So long!" with every evidence of good feeling; but the Yeoman and the young man who was pulling himself together walked off side by side. The others, if they thought anything about it at all, presumed that they had something to tell one another, and that their motives were purely friendly.

They got down to a piece of waste ground. The road ran alongside and there was nothing to intercept the light from the lamps. They walked on to the edge of the darkness where they were not likely to be observed from the highway, but where they still had light enough to fight.

They stripped off their jackets and went at it.

It ended in a drawn battle. The Yeoman could not say he had had the better of it; neither could the other. But the young man who was pulling himself together was not covetous of victory; all he wanted was self-respect—and by making a fair show he had won it.

When the scrap was over, they were both tired out, but each liked the other and respected him.

They gripped hands, and it was obvious to each of them, without any gassing about it, that they were friends now and for always.

The man in whom we are chiefly interested, felt happier then than he had done for many a long day.

As he walked home that night his nose was painful and one of his eyes was swelling, but he was happier than he had been since he came to Yorkshire.

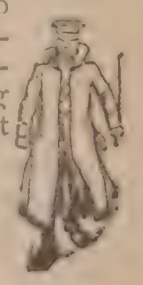
That is really the end of the story. The rest is commonplace and prosaic.

His struggles were over. He had pulled himself together. He had become a man according to his own ideals.

He joined the Yorkshire Dragoons, he became an ardent member of the swimming club, he did all that a conventionally heroic man ought to do.

Now if you meet him it is very likely that you would accept him as your ideal of a stalwart, healthy young Englishman—and so he is.

But if you happen to guess his identity from these notes, beware of drawing his attention to them, for he told me his secret history in confidence, and if you reminded him of the unpleasant past it is very likely—no matter how big you are—that he would give you the soundest drubbing you ever had in your life.



Major Vansittart's Duel.

AN ANTEROOM YARN.

By "CHINSTRAP."

"Take that, you brute!"

A glass shivered against the mess-room wall, and Captain Renwick, of the Westshire Regiment, sprang to his feet with an oath, and, the red wine trickling down his sinister face, glared at the flushed, defiant youth, who faced him across the long silver- and cut-glass-laden mess-table.

Almost simultaneously the mess rose, with few exceptions.

"Mr. Greville, you will go to your quarters under arrest"—the Colonel's voice rang out cold and sharp. "Captain Bagot, you will see to him," the Colonel added, turning to the Adjutant.

Head in air, Second-Lieutenant Sidney Greville left the mess-room, followed by the Adjutant, and the mess resumed their seats and began talking as if nothing had happened to disturb the gaiety and good-fellowship of a guest night, though many curious glances were cast at Captain Renwick, as, having wiped away the wine the angry boy had thrown at him, he sat smiling evilly.

Presently the band outside struck up the latest popular musical comedy, and the first awkwardness of the scene passed away.

But the Colonel's face remained stern and anxious, though he strove hard to resume his usual pleasant demeanour.

A fracas at his mess-table, and on a guest night, too, of all things. A pretty tale these other fellows from the garrison and these civilians would have to take away with them.

Moreover, he was worried about the boy. He shrewdly suspected that Captain Renwick had been the real aggressor. But still the boy had publicly been guilty of violence to his superior officer.

It was just possible he might be allowed to send in his papers, more probably he would be cashiered.

In either case his career was ruined. And he liked, even loved the boy; he had promised to look after him for his mother's sake, and spoilt though the lad undoubtedly had been, there were the makings of a fine soldier in him. Therefore the Colonel sat and gnawed his moustache, determined that at all events he would sift the matter to the bottom and that if, as he suspected, Renwick was to blame he would at least get rid of him, as he had long wished to, even if he could not save the boy.

At last the mess broke up, and later still all the guests had departed, except Major Vansittart, of the "Gunners," who as an old and valued friend of the regiment was entreated to stay on for "just one more peg."

It was not, however, until the Colonel had gone, and Captain Renwick had swaggered away after him that the subject that was in all minds was broached.

"What does he say?" they asked of Bagot, the Adjutant.

"Refuses to say anything, except that Renwick insulted him, and that he would willingly do it again," answered Bagot.

"H'm," said one. "I was sitting next Renwick. He'd been getting at Greville all the evening, though I couldn't quite make out about what. But just before it happened I heard Renwick say: "She's not all you think she is. But of course that's no affair of mine."

"I'm game to give evidence, if it will be any use. Gravy's a silly young ass, but a good chap when you know him. Renwick is and always was a swine."

"And so say all of us," chimed in several voices.

"Oh, well, we shall see what we shall see," said the Adjutant oracularly, adding as he noticed that Major Vansittart looked a trifle distrait, "but look here, Vansittart, we mustn't bore you with our own affairs. Come and have a game of pool."

"Oh, you're not boring me," said Major Vansittart. "Fact is this little affair of to-night took me back to my subaltern days, and I was thinking of a very similar scene."

"I scent a yarn," said Bagot, "come on, let's have it, Vansittart"—a request that was generally re-echoed.

"Well, if you fellows think you'd like it, here goes," said the Major, settling himself in an arm-chair, "only please remember I am not Rudyard Kipling at 6 stone 7 lbs. in the literary stakes.

"More years ago than I exactly care to remember," he began, "I was stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica. We were only a detachment, the rest of us being in the hills. My 'skipper' was a married man, and thus it happened that the other subaltern and I were often the sole occupants of the mess.

"We won't bother about his name, but he was known as the 'Don,' because he had Spanish blood in him, and also marked Spanish characteristics.

"He was a haughty, hot-tempered, but quite lovable chap, chivalrous to the verge of Quixotry, always ready to offer himself up on the altar of friendship, but equally ready to take offence, and show his beautifully white teeth.

"On the whole, however, the Don and I got on all right. And indeed when you are mewed up with another fellow in a place like Port Royal, it's no use quarrelling. I have met fellows who have been at both Port Royal and Aden, and they told me that of the two Port Royal approximates the more closely to hell. Personally, I will only say that what with the infernal heat, Yellow Jack, malaria, mosquitos, and a thousand and one other verminous plagues, I never wish to come across a closer imitation of Hades than that sandy spit at the end of the mangrove swamps that partially enclose Kingston Harbour."

"Right," said one, "I've been there. Have a peg, Major, the mere recollection makes me as droughty as a lime-kiln."

The Major refreshed, and resumed his tale:

"As I was saying," he continued, "the Don and I hit it off all right—indeed, we were very good friends—until what I should describe, if I were induced to be cynical, as the inevitable woman appeared on the scene.

"She was the only daughter of the Commanding Royal Engineer at Port Royal, and came straight out from finishing school to keep house for her father, who was a widower.

"Colonel Maxwell ought to have been shot for condemning a girl to a place like Port Royal, but being a Sapper he was naturally a bit mad, and that Port Royal might not be the most suitable of climates and residences for a young English girl never seemed to enter his wool-gathering old head.

"At first the Don and I reviled him for bringing a girl to such a place, but in the end our one fear was lest he should send her away, for, I daresay you fellows will have guessed, both Don and I fell madly in love with Miss Maxwell.

"It was hard to say which, if either, she favoured. Sometimes it seemed to be Don, another time it was I who made the running. Some days she would have nothing to either of us. Naturally bad blood quickly thickened between the Don and me, and one extra-sultry night matters came to a head.

"We were alone at mess, and had sat scowling at each other until at last the Don burst forth into a long tirade, the gist of which was that I was to keep off the grass and not interfere between him and Miss Maxwell.

"I retorted that I did not allow any Dago to dictate to me. He called me some quite unprintable, and the next instant I had thrown my wine in his face.

"I shall never forget his look; he always the curious greyish colour of the Spaniard, now his face was a livid mask, save for the gleaming black eyes, now narrowed to mere points, and the white teeth exposed in a snarl.

"'You have insulted me,' he said, 'you fight?' 'Certainly,' I answered, my coat, 'come on!'

"'No,' he answered, drawing back, the blood of princes in my veins. I do not like a peasant.'

"'Oh, don't be an ass,'" I retorted, 'the days of duelling are over, and I am not going to risk my commission for the pleasure of shooting or being shot by you.'

"'You are a coward,' he sneered.

"'Look here,' I said, 'whether you use your fists or not I shall certainly give you a hiding if you call me that again.'

"He was silent for a few moments, and then he said: 'We both love Miss Maxwell?'

"'Well,' I answered.

"'I could not live without her,' he said theatrically.

"'I'd find life pretty rotten myself,' I answered lightly, for I was regaining my temper.

"'Will you risk your life? Are you willing to put our rivalry to the judgment of Fate,' said the Don.

"'What the dickens do you mean?' I inquired.

"'We are both good swimmers,' he said.

"'Well?'

"'You know the harbour—what it is—infested with sharks?' said the Don.

"'Well?' I repeated impatiently, for I had no idea what he was driving at, and then he outlined a proposal that nearly made my eyes start out of my head.

"The romantic lunatic suggested that we should row across to the other side of the harbour and then swim back. As he calmly pointed out, it was extremely improbable that either of us would get across alive. One would, however, and then he would have the girl to himself. If by any chance both escaped the sharks, then, as the Don darkly hinted, we must find some other way of settling our differences.

"At first I laughed at him and called him a madman, but he taunted me with cowardice, and—well, boys, I had been drinking pretty freely—in the end I consented.

"The Don insisted that the trial should be made fully clad. He said that if he were to be scoffed by Port Royal Jack he was going to die in the Queen's uniform.

"To this I consented, stipulating, however, that we should remove our boots, for I knew that more than anything else, will stop the strongest swimmers. We quietly got up the boat and, the boat, rowed across, tied up the boat and without more ado plunged in.

"I was a stronger swimmer than the Don, and soon drew ahead. Moreover, fear lent me wings. Almost the first plunge had sobered me, and I realised the frightful risk we were running. I was tempted to turn back, but I feared the Don's taunts and vicious tongue. And so I kept on, swimming as I had never swum before.

...entarily expecting to see or hear a ...n the waters and feel—oh, horror—until ...st with a sob of relief I drew myself up on ...sand of Port Royal, and falling on my knees ... God for His mercy and begged forgive- ... for my wicked folly. Then I bethought ...lf of the Don and looked seawards. And ... my heart stood still and the blood seemed ... my veins.

... a perfect moonlight night, much ...than many an English day. Still nearly ...ndred yards from shore I could see the Don ...rning. But what claimed my horrified ... was a something black and fin-like that ... silently some fifty yards in his wake. ... Royal Jack! Even at that distance I could ... to the cut of the famous shark's jib. ...Finding my tongue, I shouted to the Don. ...looked round and understood, and com- ...ced splashing. Port Royal Jack stopped and ...ed off. The Don spurted, the shark re- ...ed the chase.

... rushed ... my quarters, seized a dagger ... was one of my cherished possessions, stuck ... my teeth, tore back, and plunged into the ... without any very clear idea of what I was ... to do, but with some vague thought of ...tting Port Royal Jack have it all his own ...

... was ... only a few yards from shore, how- ...ver, when a boat dashed out from the landing ...ce. Idiot that I was, I had forgotten Colonel ...xwell's electric pinnace, his own invention. ... who was in it? I nearly sank with aston- ...ment. It was Miss Maxwell. Port Royal ...k was within ten yards of the Don when the ...nace ... dashed up, and the Don was half- ..., half-clambered aboard.

A few minutes later, we were all ashore, I ...g turned back when I saw the Don was ... and he and I were receiving the lecture of ...lives. I think Miss Maxwell guessed the ...umstances. Anyway, she let us have it hot ...d strong. From her window she had seen ...row across the harbour and wondering what ... were after had waited and watched, and the ... you know."

"I suppose she married the Don?" said some- ...

"No," said Major Vansittart rising, "she ...arried me, and the Don was my best man. ...d that reminds me that I shall be in for an- ...er lecture almost as bad as that one on the ...ch at Port Royal at midnight, unless I get ...e home at once. But the affair this evening ...minded me of my youthful duel. Good night, ...got good night, everybody."

* * * *

... revealed the fact that Captain Ren- ...ad grossly insulted Mr. Greville over a ... and while the latter did not escape a severe ...rimand from the General, it was the former, ... Greville, who disappeared from His ...y's Service.

THE TRUTH IN MUSIC.

... seems to be one of the characteristics of all ...l arts that they cannot lie. You ... into one of the notorious West-End ... men and women meet, and as you ... dark glass and look upon the ...ty and wickedness about you, a ... its best to stir dull hearts to mirth. ... the tunes chosen are lively ones, and ...om the latest comic operas, but, for ...re is in them an element of pathos. ... violin, though it plays according to the ...wails where it ought to laugh, and in the ...tune there are tears.

... may be that the musicians, possessing a ...strung artistic temperament, are pain- ...nscious of the gay tragedy that is being ...side them, and that in their inter- ... music some element of this sad- ...ss.

...nat music even in its lightest moods re- ...a pathetic element, is a fact, and perhaps ...p to explain why some men will not dine ... a restaurant where the band plays.

OUR THIRD SPORTING COMPETITION.

A Contest you can enter with every confidence, for the Editor guarantees that the judging, and all other matters connected with it, will be conducted on thoroughly straight and sportsmanlike lines.

1st Prize £50, 2nd Prize £20, 3rd Prize £10,

And 320 Consolation Prizes of 5/- each,

OR IN PROPORTION, ACCORDING TO THE AMOUNT OF THE ENTRY MONEY RECEIVED.

We are now actively engaged in selecting the winners of our first competition, and we shall announce their names in the issue published on Tuesday week.

We have allowed this ample time for judging in order to secure absolute fairness, and we feel certain that our readers agree with us that it is advisable to do so.

With each attempt competitors must enclose a Postal Order for Sixpence, and all the money received (less 10 per cent., which is deducted for expenses) will be divided amongst the winners in the proportions indicated above.

Half the amount available for distribution will be divided amongst the three whose attempts the Editor considers best, in the proportions of £50, £20 and £10; and the remaining half of the sum available will be divided in 5s. prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

OUR THIRD COMPETITION.

What you have to do is to make up a sentence, in accordance with the rules below, the words of which the sentence consists being taken from any of the advertisements appearing in this paper.

You must not use more than one word from any one advertisement, and your sentence must not be shorter than four words nor longer than twelve words in all.

Each week we shall set as a subject with which your sentence is to deal, some topic of masculine or sporting interest.

This week we ask you to make a sentence, in accordance with the rules, which shall deal in some way with CRICKET. In twelve words you can say something to the point. The winning sentences will be those that the Editor considers most clever.

RULES

(Which must be strictly complied with).

1. Each attempt must be written on the printed entry form which appears on this page. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. Each attempt must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. made payable to the Proprietor of THE MODERN MAN. Cross your Postal Order "& Co.," and write the number of it distinctly in the space allotted for that purpose on the entry form. If you send more than one attempt, you may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount, reckoned at 6d. for each attempt; where one Postal Order is enclosed to cover a number of entries, its number must be written on each entry form.

3. All entries for this competition must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, July 13th. The result will appear in our issue dated August 7th, and published on Tuesday, August 3rd.

4. The Editor accepts no responsibility for entries lost or mislaid.

5. The Editor's decision as to the winners, and as to all other matters concerning this competition, is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

6. No correspondence whatsoever can be entered into in connection with this competition, and telegraphic and telephonic communications will not be answered.

7. Sentences must consist of not less than four words and not more than twelve words.

8. Each word of your sentence must be taken from one of the advertisements appearing either on the covers or on the white pages of this number.

9. All entries must be addressed to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and the envelope containing them must be marked distinctly in the top left-hand corner with the word "Cricket."

ENTRY FORM. 3

Your sentence is to be written in this column, one word in each line.	In this column write the name of the advertisement from which each word is taken, and also the number of the page on which the advertisement appears.
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12

I enter this Competition on the conditions and in accordance with the rules mentioned above and I accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

THE ART OF STUDY.

Some men read dozens of books without getting a whit the wiser for their trouble, while others are daily gleaning wisdom without reading a line.

You may read a book and understand every sentence of it, and yet it may make no impression upon your knowledge as a whole. You find this very often in those who have crammed for examination. They have temporarily acquired a fund of book-learning without adding to their general wisdom or making themselves in any way more interesting to those who meet them.

Where cramming is to be done for examinations, it is, of course, pardonable; but where a man is reading for the sheer pleasure of the thing, it is waste of time and foolishness for him to get through his books without profiting.

The secret of successful study is to bring your own experience to bear on every point where a new idea is brought to your notice. Then you compare it with your own actual experience; you criticise it, finding in your own mind whether it is right or wrong. By treating it in this way you remember a statement, and you permit it to influence your outlook.

In that lies the whole wisdom of reading. To read without thinking and without comparing with your own personal ideas, is to make yourself little better than a reading machine.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

Our village blacksmith is hardly the man about whom the poem could have been written. He is much less of a prig than the immaculate hero who derived such benefit from hearing the "parson pray and preach," and he is a great deal more of a full-blooded man.

His smithy is much the same in style as that made immortal by the poet, but its occupant is as different from his ancient representative as chalk from cheese.

Joe, as we all know him, is, for one thing a single man, and so far as the opportunity is afforded by the rather scanty resources of our village, he is a leading spirit in all that is likely to cause the more staid and "respectable" portion of the village to frown with disapproval.

Joe is usually the last to leave the "Black Dog" at closing time. Not that he is a drunkard, far from it. But he is a jolly soul who must have company, and the "Black Dog" parlour is the only place where it is to be found after sundown.

We are an early people at both ends of the day, and at eight o'clock on any autumn evening there is hardly a light visible along the deserted street, except the two red-curtained little windows of the tap-room and the bar-parlour. Here Joe may always be found in the centre of a gathering of kindred spirits.

The smithy is the scene of great activity nowadays. No longer does Joe stand under the "spreading chestnut tree" and wait patiently for the farmer's horse that has cast a shoe in the ploughed field, and needs another.

His shop is the centre of much more than this casual and precarious work. Joe has moved with the times and can put together a very serviceable bicycle, while his knowledge of the motor-car is great, and all its strange internal maladies are as plain to him as an open book.

You seldom pass the smithy without finding one car standing outside, while Joe's head and shoulders are buried in the mechanism.

He is fast completing an inspection pit, and looks forward to the time when he will own a little car of his own. By all appearances he is well on the way to this happy consummation, for he appears to have well-lined pockets, and "stands treat" with a regularity and frequency that none of his friends can hope to emulate without courting certain bankruptcy.

He is an excellent card player, and among his keenest pleasures is to gather three other friends around him after work is done and to settle down in the warm and dimly lighted smithy to a rubber of whist.

Many a time I have formed one of the set. Sitting round a broad flat anvil, upon boxes, barrels, and stools, we have played late into the night.

Now and again Joe would blow up the embers in the forge into a glowing mass, and we would continue the game in the lurid light of lamp and fire, while strange shadows and ghostly flickerings played about the recesses of the smithy.

Joe has many interests outside his work. He is a well-read man and knows much of the world outside his immediate circle.

In physique he is a perfect Hercules, or perhaps I should say Vulcan.

He is the ruin of many a showman who sets up his booth in the fair ground and invites the countrymen to prove their strength or weakness. He will ring the bell or turn the handle and do any other feats of strength time after time with apparent ease.

With a little encouragement he will enter the boxing ring and "take on" the show boxer who is "ready to meet all comers" according to the man who stands outside the tent.

Then the fun begins. No amount of pounding makes the least impression on Joe, and when he gets a thundering blow well home upon the trained man there is generally some damage done.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

AN ATTACK. A reader informs me that he strongly objects to what he calls "the articles and stories on social problems" which have recently appeared in THE MODERN MAN.

"It is all very well," he says, "for us men to read about such things, but you ought to remember that the paper is also read by our mothers and sisters, and one does not care for them to see this sort of thing."

AM I RIGHT? When I started this paper, I reviewed every subject of masculine interest and I decided that what my reader terms "social problems" were unquestionably matters of interest to men.

Therefore I decided to deal with them.

There were many ways in which I could do so. One was to pander to the prurient, as is done by very many papers, including some of our most respectable dailies, which give the most nauseous details of divorce cases for the delectation of their subscribers.

Another way in which I could have dealt with the subject was to preach against it, but I do not think that I have ever preached, and I scarcely feel competent to do so.

Besides, preaching in the ordinary way is absolutely ineffectual. To tell a man not to do a certain thing has been proved by practice and experience to be a waste of breath. My method of dealing with these matters has been to point out the pathos inevitably attached to the circumstances of their victims.

All articles and stories which I have printed, dealing with what may be called the seamiest side of life, have had, I sincerely believe and hope, a sound moral lesson attached to them.

I have discussed these matters at great length with the contributors who deal with them on my behalf, and in every case I have impressed upon the writers the need of emphasising the undoubtedly tragic and pathetic end to which this form of sin inevitably leads.

Am I wrong in having dealt with this subject at all? Am I wrong in having treated it in the manner in which I have done?

For my own part, I can only say that my conscience is absolutely clear, but I should be glad to know the opinions of my readers concerning these matters.

DOGS ON THE ROADS. A correspondent writes to me a violent protest against the habit, which is so common in country districts, of allowing dogs to stray about the roads far in front of their owners.

"Technically," he writes, "I daresay such a dog may be regarded as under control, for he will in most cases come back if whistled for; but in practice he is just as great a nuisance to cyclists as if his owner were not there at all.

"It is ten to one that, just as you get alongside him, something on the other side of the road will attract his attention, and he will dash in front of your machine.

"Then comes the collision and your collapse. The dog runs away with a yelp but with no serious injury, while you pick yourself up, rub a broken knee, bandage a sprained wrist, and try to straighten out a buckled wheel.

"I would have the police instructed to shoot all dogs they may find on the roads unless the dog is actually on a lead."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD. The prospect of a dogless system of highways would doubtless be extremely attractive to the cycling world, but we must remember the claims of the dog owner. The Dog Act is already hard enough upon him, and I should like to see as stringent regulations made against the much more deadly motor-car.

It is absolutely no fun taking out a dog on a lead. The ideal dog scampers in front of you, searching for possible but usually improbable rabbits, and occasionally comes back to report himself and receive a word of praise. The coward that is made to slouch always at heel might as well not be there; he is not a companion but a slave.

I suggest that owners of dogs should te[ach] their pets to keep invariably to the side of the road, and it is a practice I have adopted in the case of my own dogs.

With very little trouble you can teach the dog to understand what is wanted. Let him run in front of you as he likes, but as soon as he leaves the pavement call him back, scold him soundly, and repeat the process till he begins to understand that it is his going on the roadway that arouses your wrath.

If this education is not sufficiently d[one] might, when he transgresses, call him back make him walk behind you for a few minutes; that is a thing he will dislike, and he will presently learn why the penalty was imposed upon him. Do not, of course, thrash him; a dog does not need a thrashing once in a blue moon.

BRIEF REPLIES. As you will see by reference to another page, I am printing this week the first column of brief replies to readers.

I am still answering all friendly letters by post, but I print these extracts from them because I think they may be of interest to others besides the actual correspondents.

I do not profess by a long chalk to know everything, but if you think that either I or my staff or any of my contributors can help you, you may rest assured of our best efforts to do so.

THE STORIES IN "THE MODERN MAN." I believe that one of my difficult tasks is providing fiction for my readers. A woman never bothers about facts but will swallow almost anything in the nature of fiction; so long as there is a dashing hero and a sentimental heroine, she is perfectly happy.

With a man it is different. The average man does not want to read stories at all, and the reason is because the majority of stories he has tackled have been of the sloppy order, without any backbone to them and without a vestige of interest.

In planning out the scheme of THE MODERN MAN, I was in two minds whether or not I should print any stories. I was well aware of the fact that the average man does not care for fiction, but I knew also that there were certain interesting points in life which could scarcely be dealt with in the form of articles—certain subjects which, though essentially true to life, could only be made convincing and entertaining by having a plot woven around them.

That is why I decided to have stories in THE MODERN MAN.

I was lucky from the outset in managing to discover several new writers to fiction—Mr. Adam Stern, Mr. John Hilary Garratt, Mr. R. D. Crombie, Mr. Bernard Macklin and others—and I am glad to say that these writers have been able to put into their stories that which it is almost impossible for an article writer to produce, I mean atmosphere.

Take, for example, the "Kernahan" stories by Mr. Garratt. An article writer might deal with camp life, and Territorial life generally, but by a mere statement of facts, by giving you particulars of the rations served and so on and so forth, he could never convey to you that atmosphere of infinite good fellowship which prevails in such a regiment as the "King's Own."

I mention these things because it may happen that you have not so far been in the habit of reading stories. If such should be the case, I want to tempt you this week, if never again, to read at least one of the stories in this number. Our stories are different from any others that are published at the present time, and I rather think you will like them.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

WHITE WOMEN AND BLACK MEN.

[I have been educated by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and sentimental plays and novels, to take the view that the black man is as good as his white brother. I have found, however, that Colonials think otherwise, and, without prejudice, I print the following article written by a Colonial friend of mine who is at present in London.—ED.]

To anyone who has had dealings with the black man in his native land, the way in which Englishwomen treat coloured visitors to this country is enough to make one spit blood.

Babu Jabberjee, who in India would not dare to speak to a white woman, except as a menial addressing a queen, comes over here, calls himself Prince Jabberjee, and is made much of by our women.

In India he wouldn't dare to sit at the same table, to travel in the same railway carriage, even to breathe the same air as an Englishwoman. Here he is invited out to dinners, teas and other social functions; he is treated as an equal; sometimes he traps a boarding-house miss into marrying him, and a white woman goes to an unspeakable hell.

More often he returns to India and preaches sedition, backing his arguments by telling the native mob that the Memsahibs, whom they are taught at the point of the sword to reverence, are no better than they should be.

It is a fact that the massacre of Cawnpore was more or less directly the dreadful fruit of the way in which our society women treated the Nana Sahib when he visited London. They made a lion of him, they petted and fondled him, and in return he acquired the utmost contempt for them. Then he went back to India only to find that he must not raise his eyes to a white woman; that to them he was an inferior, a pariah; this fanned his hatred of us, and the result was Cawnpore.

Nana Sahib was a high-class Indian; what then must be the effect on the low-class Babus who come here and find themselves treated as equals, when even in their own land they are regarded as dogs by the well-born Indian.

Indians, however, are not the only black men whom our women treat with mistaken and dangerous familiarity.

I remember being violently sick at Earl's Court when I saw a young English girl actually patting and stroking one of Lobengula's warriors, not only allowing the brute to shake her hand, but actually making much of him, as a man makes much of his horse.

And this to a black, who in Johannesburg would have got twenty-five of the best if he had dared to walk on the same pavement as a white woman!

Oh, if I could only make our women understand how unutterably they degrade themselves in permitting any man of colour to approach them as an equal, if I could only bring home to them their criminal folly, for the point is that they lower all white women in the eyes of the black man, and make still more dangerous already dangerous position of their sisters in black men's countries; but it is almost impossible to make the untravelled Englishwoman grasp the necessity, the vital necessity, of keeping the black man in his place.

However, let me tell you this, madam—you who amuse yourself with Babu Jabberjee, Ullyjee, and their like, and find them so polite and deferential—that they are going to go away and say the vilest things about you to their black [illegible] that they are going to boast of you.

[illegible] me, madam, that for a black [illegible] address you as an equal is a gross in- [illegible] You would be horrified if an [illegible]g-sweeper, a man of your own [illegible]u race, spoke to you familiarly or pro- [illegible] sit at the same table with you; yet he [illegible] be doing you an honour compared with [illegible]ul affront a black man puts upon you in [illegible] you on terms of equality.

F. HULTON-CLARKE.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

The old dame was returning from market with a huge basket over her arm. To be perfectly exact, the basket was under her arm and the bow of it was over it—but nobody wants to be exact in little points except Mr. Lloyd George, and he spells the word without an "o."

The parson was bowling along towards her in his dogcart, and, as he was a parson by rather more than profession, his heart went out to the old girl, and he said unto her as he hove alongside:

"Mrs. Hopkins," said he, "may I give you a lift?"

The old lady curtsied and smiled entrancingly.

"It's very kind of you, sir," said she. "I'm very much obliged, indeed I am. You see I'm so tired that a lift comes in like a godsend."

"Tut-tut," said the parson, "don't mention it, don't mention it."

The old lady's face straightened, and she looked the embodiment of diplomacy and future silence as she mounted the dogcart.

"Don't you be afraid, sir," she said. "You may be certain I won't if you'd rather I didn't."

COY.

Old Gentleman: "How old are you?"

Little Girl: "Eight."

Old Gentleman: "You don't look it."

Little Girl: "How you naughty men do flatter us poor, weak women!"

HIS PREFERENCE.

The young man was wearing a bright green tie, and the maiden took a pinch of it between her thumb and forefinger and rubbed it to see whether it was silk or only an imitation.

Stand away there, you boys, and give them room.

"Are you very fond of the Irish?" she queried, as she tried her best to look like a colleen, bawn, born or otherwise.

"No," he replied, "I think I prefer Scotch."

And as he drew a tartan handkerchief across his lips, she could not quite make up her mind whether he meant Harry Lauder or Johnnie Walker.

THE REASON.

Jones was wearing a lugubrious expression as Marjoribanks passed his garden gate.

"What in all the wide world is the matter?" asked Marjoribanks. "Have you lost money on a horse race or seen a scareship, or been in a Suffragette riot, or what?"

"Have a cigar," said Jones, apropos apparently of nothing.

Marjoribanks helped himself, and, as he lighted up, his eye fell upon a uniformed official entering the garden gate to which we have already referred in such poetical language.

"Hullo," said Marjoribanks, "what's the sanitary inspector doing at your house?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Jones, "nothing serious at least; but the neighbours sent in a complaint. You see last night I smoked one of those cigars. My wife gave them to me as a birthday present."

HAPPY NIGHTS.

THE FIRST AT SEA.

For as many years as I could recall I had been fully and anxiously occupied in building up a business for myself.

At such a task a man does not stint energy, or time, or thought, or what money he has, so long as he can see a successful result. And so it was with me.

I had been prodigal with all my powers, physical and mental. I had worked early and late, slept little, eaten less, and as for recreation I had forgotten the existence of such a thing.

Then came the time when danger threatened. Daily I drifted nearer and nearer to the unhappy condition of those who kill themselves in the pursuit of an object which they are destined never to possess and enjoy.

I had to stop: to take a holiday: to get clear of every sight and sound and man that could keep my thoughts at work on my business.

For the time being business had mastered me just when I had almost mastered it.

"A sea voyage" was the little prescription which a doctor ordered me to have made up.

It was the first night of that six weeks' voyage that stands out as the happiest, with one exception, of all that I remember, chiefly because of the delicious experience of withdrawing by slow but sure degrees out of a perplexing world into the serenity of a tranquil and careless sea.

Starting in good time from London, I simply revelled in the feelings of relief which increased at every step I took.

When I entered the train a load fell from me—I was nearly free.

When I stepped on board ship at Southampton another load, even heavier, fell with a thud; but when the vessel at last steamed out into the open sea and I was physically beyond reach of the compelling temptation to keep at it, my happiness was beyond description.

The sea strengthens a man's sense of proportion. It isolates him from disturbing cares; it disinfects him of his material anxieties.

All through that first night I watched the calm waters, and listened to the regular motion of the machinery.

It was to me as a lullaby is to a child.

At once soothing and suggestive, it sent the last vestige of sordid care from my mind, and the thump-thump of the engines spoke of a higher power than had been mine.

For the first time I knew the meaning of rest.

Here, out of sight and sound of land the mind ceased its fretting, and a delicious calm settled down upon the senses.

And the pleasures were not wholly of a mental kind.

For the first time in many years, I became conscious of the quiet, strong joy that the possession of a sound body can give you.

It was a mental rest and a physical awakening.

The tonic of the air—for even night air at sea is invigorating—put fresh life into that body which I had been neglecting.

My thoughts had been rivetted upon business success, and nothing had been capable of giving me pleasure except the knowledge of having scored some point in the struggle of money-making, or at least of having opened up some vista down which I could look in anticipation at my glittering goal.

Now my joy was in breathing, in blinking my eyes as I strove to penetrate the blue-grey haze that hung about the horizon, in straining my ears to catch every delicious sound.

I leant over the bulwarks and watched the waves splitting back, broken and white, as the steamer cleaved a way through them.

The flat grey sea was what my life had been like; the prow of the vessel resembled my new experience. I was cleaving a way of escape from the thraldom of a single motive, and was learning to live my life to the full.

R. J. CARTWRIGHT.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE VALUE AND THE DANGER OF IDEAS.

It is unquestionably the man of ideas who makes a fortune. Occasionally a copyist—less brilliant, but more business-like—steps in and reaps the benefit of an idea conceived by another brain, but, as a general rule, the man who has the mental capacity to conceive a bright idea has also the talents necessary for its execution.

You may therefore take it that the conception of a strong, original idea is preliminary to any great success in the world of commerce.

How are we to get such ideas?

If I pretended to tell you I should be one of the greatest frauds walking the earth. To profess to be able to direct a man where he would find profitable ideas would be exactly the equivalent to professing to be able to tell him how to make gold from lead.

An idea is a strange form of inspiration, and yet I do not know that inspiration is exactly the correct word to use in describing it, for it is only so far inspired.

It is a seed, a flying thistledown, which requires to meet the right soil before it germinates and takes root.

A successful man usually sets out in early life with the intention of making money. His inclinations generally guide him as to the trade or profession in which he hopes to make it. He has kept straight and diligent—often he is made an insufferable prig—by his dominant wish to be wealthy.

Having chosen his calling and having made up his mind to excel in it, he is ready for the inception of ideas. He may be lucky or he may not. It is seldom that more than one great idea comes to a man in the course of his lifetime, and all too often it happens that the idea which might have spelt fortune occurs to him only after he has lost his youth and his strength and his desire for fighting.

If, all the ground being prepared, the bright idea comes to him, he rapidly rises to be a prince amongst merchants. If, on the other hand, the bright idea never comes, he may still make a very substantial income by plodding diligently along upon the old stereotyped lines.

There is one thing that one can say safely concerning the obtaining of ideas, it is that they come to a man in the enjoyment of the best health he is capable of experiencing.

He may be feeling fit on his arrival amid new scenes at the beginning of a holiday; he may be happy after a meeting with his sweetheart; he may feel strong after successfully tackling a difficulty in his business.

In any case he is feeling fit before a bright idea comes to him, and it is worth while keeping oneself in this condition if only to be receptive of those transient thoughts that may mean thousands in your pocket.

That is the one and only hint I am able to give my readers in regard to the obtaining of ideas; the rest must lie entirely with your own genius.

There is one point, however, on which, though I can scarcely claim to give advice, I may at least voice a warning; it is that you should not allow yourself to be dominated by an idea after you have found it impracticable.

I know one man—and a fairly substantial merchant he is—who could have built up an immense business if it had not been that he is obsessed with an idea which does not in any wise concern his calling. Long before the present boom in æronautics, he was engaged in making models of flying machines, and he still believes that he will produce something to beat any airship at present in existence.

If he does produce an airship, it will not be very profitable to him, and I think it highly improbable that he ever will produce one; but he is over-ridden by this idea, and he leaves his business early at night in order to experiment upon it, and he also comes late in the morning because he has been experimenting then.

Ideas are of the very essence of progress, but the fixed and impracticable idea is the secret of the dry rot in many a man who might otherwise have made himself a name and wealth.

BUSINESS TEMPERS.

It has often puzzled me to discover the reason for the awe with which the average employee regards his chief. I think it must be largely due to the chief's apparently bad temper. Few successful business men can justly be accused of being really bad tempered, but circumstances make it seem that they are so.

To the business man every moment is precious. He cannot waste time in voicing mere conventionalities or chatting on matters that do not intimately concern the making of money.

During business hours he is a money-making machine before all else, and his apparent brusqueness will generally be found to be due to his pre-occupation and not to any lack of feeling.

The responsibilities of his subordinates are less, and he justly expects that they shall not adopt his manner. It is frequently necessary they should give reports in full, though it is seldom necessary for him to give long comments upon them.

I have known the manager of a large business treat his chief with exactly the same brusqueness with which the chief treated his clerks. The manager had no time for superfluous courtesies. His chief knew this, and liked him the better for it.

THE FRENCHMAN'S EARLY HOURS.

I had a very pleasant experience last week of the activity and enthusiasm of the average Paris business man. For some time I had been trying to bring off a business deal with a French merchant, but an unexpected difficulty arose which made it imperative that I should visit him personally at the earliest possible moment.

I telegraphed to him at noon one day asking for an appointment, and was informed that he could see me at 8.30 on the following morning.

I left Cannon-Street at 9.5 that night, arriving in Paris a little before six on the following morning. I breakfasted and presented myself at the merchant's office before the clocks had struck half-past eight, and he was already awaiting me. We were at it hammer and tongs for half an hour, at the end of which time I had the satisfaction of having accomplished my mission. I left Paris less than an hour afterwards, and arrived at Cannon-Street shortly after 5, just in time to transact some important business which required my attention.

I had thus lost rather less than one day, but I venture to think that a Frenchman visiting London on a similar errand would have found it impossible to complete his task with such expedition, for the London business man who would grant an interview at 8.30 in the morning, I have not yet come across.

French business men are generally to be found at their offices shortly after 8 o'clock. They take a couple of hours to lunch, starting again at 2 and working on till 8 and often later. They do not hustle, but they get through an enormous amount of work by keeping steadily at it.

I am well aware that the average [illegible] tourist brings back from Paris a report [illegible] is a city of idleness. He does not know the [illegible] Paris has no business quarter like the City [illegible] London, its commerce and pleasure being mixed up together all over the town.

EMPLOYERS' SHORTCOMINGS.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but the majority of employers are unjust to their [illegible] in not being sufficiently exacting. There are two ways of doing work: the first is to [illegible] along, the second is to do more than one has bargained for. It is the man who works on the latter principle who finally rises to an important position in an office, and it is because the majority of employers do not exact this standard that so many clerks stick in the mud.

To take a simple illustration. A clerk will go to Smith, show him a letter, and ask how he wishes it dealt with; Smith cudgels his brains as to the former dealings of the firm with this particular correspondent, and finally gives the instructions, the clerk having played no thinking part whatsoever in the transaction.

Brown's clerk on the other hand knows by experience that if he brings such a letter to his chief, he will be asked when the firm wrote the correspondent last, the gist of what the firm said, and such other necessary particulars as will enable him to give a quick and intelligent decision. Brown's clerk therefore presents himself in the sanctum of his chief with the details at his finger ends, and Brown consequently becomes a good clerk. Because it is demanded of him, he develops the habit of thinking for himself. He ceases to be a machine, and becomes an intelligent unit in business life, with the potentiality not only of benefiting his employer, but of improving his own position either in that office or in another.

The average clerk is kept busy with routine work, and if it is not required of him to make an effort and to think, he is unwilling to do so on his own initiative. It is just there that the exacting employer comes in as the friend.

MEN MILLINERS.

I was discussing business the other day with the head of a fashionable millinery shop in London. "I have never quite been able to find out," he said, "why I have not more competition from rivals of my own sex. I suppose men have a natural distaste for a trade which they look upon as belonging particularly to women, but, I take it, the main object of business is to make money, and for the accomplishment of that purpose I think a millinery shop on proper lines by a man would be hard to beat.

"Ladies think far more of a hat which they know has been designed by a man, than they do of one which has been handled only by women. I do not know that they are wrong, but I have often noticed that women are the worst judges in matters of taste in connection with men's clothes, but if they began designing women's things for us, we should only laugh at them. In this we are extremely conservative.

"The fair sex, on the other hand, is just the reverse. They want everything as novel as it may be, and a designer can allow his imagination to run riot, so long as he curbs it with good taste.

"Women designers always labour under a sort of prejudice. They wear millinery themselves, and they know that certain hats—or may be big hats—or may be small hats—suit them; they fall into the error of supposing that these hats are unsuitable to all other women. The man, however, having no personal interest in millinery has no prejudices and goes ahead, beating the female designer at her own game.

"In regard to the actual profits of the business you may gauge them for yourself when I tell you that a hat, which I sell for 40s., costs me no more than 10s. to make. I never lack customers."

IMPORTANT . . . ANNOUNCEMENT TO INVESTORS

BY

Curtis Gardner & Co.

¶ Since the establishment of our Information Bureau as an additional Department to our business, the great number of inquiries and letters received from our Subscribers and Correspondents make manifest the enormous number of persons who continue to throw away money (which might otherwise be profitably employed) in supporting the machinations of some of the "bucket-shop" keepers and self-styled "Stock and Share **dealers**" or "**jobbers.**"

¶ Such ample evidence have we of the lack of facilities for Investors to get into touch with BROKERS who conduct a genuine business that we make the following important public announcement.

¶ The public are cautioned against transacting business with those who advertise themselves as Stock and Share **Dealers** or **Jobbers** unless they first appreciate their position. It is curious how few understand the distinction between the terms **Dealer** and **Jobber,** which are synonymous, and the term Broker. A broker or agent stands in quite a different position in his relations and liability to his client from that of a **Dealer** or **Jobber** to his customer. In the one case the broker is the agent of his principal—the buyer or seller—whereas in the other the dealer is a principal as well as his customer, and his responsibility is not the same. It is for this reason that advertising **Dealers** or **Jobbers** emphasise the fact that they are so on all their contracts and notices. But instead of this statement conveying to the customer the proper meaning, i.e., that the dealer or jobber is "therefore under no responsibility," it is so printed as to convey the impression that such a fact is of advantage to the customer, which it is decidedly not.

¶ The need of a reliable medium or firm through whom stocks and shares may be purchased and sold—investments made or speculations entered into—through whom the public can obtain an introduction to substantial members of the Stock Exchange, has decided us to give increased publicity to our Securities Dept., and greatly to enlarge its scope and facilities.

¶ Our Securities or Stock and Share **Broking** Dept. is conducted on precisely similar lines to that upon which the leading Banks throughout the Country conduct this class of business for their Clients, but it may be said we offer these further advantages. We have special financial experience and sources of information open to us; we have correspondents or agents in almost every part of the world, and we have a staff of experts and make a special business of collating information for the benefit of our clients, whom we assist in making their selections for purchase or make our recommendations as to the securities which should from time to time be disposed of.

¶ We buy and sell through our brokers at the best price we can obtain, and pay attention to diligently furthering the interests of our clients.

¶ All transactions are conducted through members of the Stock Exchange, and no higher rate of commission is payable by clients utilising our services than that customarily charged by members of the Stock Exchange. We are also pleased to introduce clients, who prefer it, direct to members of the Stock Exchange, whilst they may still retain the benefit of our organisation.

¶ When required, in many cases, we can arrange temporary advances to clients against their securities.

¶ We are not an unknown firm. Our Business Blue Book publications are known throughout the world, and for years have been on sale at all the bookstalls in the United Kingdom. We number among our subscribers and clients, members of the Nobility, of Parliament, of such institutions as Lloyd's, and many of the leading business firms of the kingdom.

¶ Our business and publications have been well spoken of by upwards of 150 leading organs of the Press, and numerous are the expressions of satisfaction we have received from clients as to the manner in which we conduct our business.

¶ As an example, the well-known newspaper "Truth" recently stated in its columns thus:

> "I believe that much of Messrs. Curtis Gardner's success is due to the fact—
> "That they do well by their clients.
> "That they treat them honourably and straightforwardly.
> "That they give them of their best whether in the form of advice "or service.
> "And that they take a pride in their work which is apart from and "above any question of money payment.
> "I am quite convinced that they not only bring experience and "ability to bear upon their work, but also conscientiousness "and straightforwardness—qualities very much rarer in these "days."

FINALLY, we would say to

INVESTORS. There are now many favourable opportunities of investing both small and large sums in sound dividend-paying or interest-bearing securities giving fair yields. To those prepared to take a business risk even high yields can be obtained with prospects of higher prices.

SPECULATORS. There are also plenty of opportunities for those who desire to speculate with a view to realising at higher market prices or obtaining a high rate of dividends in the near future, and in this connection we draw attention to South Africans, and have prepared a special list of securities which, in our opinion, offer good prospects to the purchaser.

OPTIONS. Of recent years "options" have become a favoured form for speculators, and we remind those interested that they can be effected through members of the Stock Exchange.

OFFICES. Our offices are situated within a few minutes of the Stock Exchange, and we have clients' rooms. Our telephones are National 5725 and 5724 Bank, and our registered telegraphic and cable address is "Clientship, London."

SPECIAL OFFER. To all those readers interested in this announcement we will forward post free (1) a copy of our Monthly Investment List, giving particulars of over 1,000 securities; (2) our highest and lowest mining prices for five years; (3) specimen copy of "Weekly Financial Intelligence"; (4) our South African recommendations; (5) particulars of our Information Bureau.

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Cycle Racing.

THE WAY TO EXCELLENCE ON TRACK OR ROAD.

Cycle racing, like other branches of strenuous athletics, notably rowing, has an undeserved bad name for injuring the health and constitutions of its votaries.

Terrible tales are told of racing cyclists developing permanent heart trouble, sometimes cracking up altogether and dying prematurely.

The truth, of course, is that it was not the racing but the man that was at fault; he had gone in for a severe sport for which he was physically unfitted.

None, therefore, should dream of being a second Zimmerman or Leon Meredith until he has been thoroughly "vetted" by a doctor and passed as absolutely sound in wind and limb.

Further, you are not likely to shine at cycle racing unless you are naturally stronger than most men, for strength is the first quality that wins cycle races.

I admit this is not always so: Mr. S. F. Edge, once as famous as a cyclist as he afterwards was as a motorist, took to cycling because he was a delicate boy threatened with lung trouble. But then he had made himself a strong man before he became a champion.

THE MACHINE.

Next to the quality of strength probably comes a fast wheel; in other words, a cycle that suits you. This is important. Many riders imagine that any good running wheel will do for racing, and there they are wrong. You want the one wheel that you can make go faster than any other wheel, because it just suits your physical individuality and peculiarities.

Thus, if you are tall and heavy a 23-inch frame weighing 24 lbs. is about your mark, while if you are short and light a 20-inch of 18 lbs. is probably the machine for you.

Obvious? I daresay it is, but none the less you will often see big, heavy men wasting their strength on light machines, and "bantams" struggling vainly with tall, powerful racers.

Now we come to training, and the commonest mistake made by the novice is trying to do too much at first. He starts off by riding forty or fifty miles a day and he uses a monstrous high gear.

TRAINING.

You should begin with moderate runs and avoid sprinting until you are pretty fit, and it is a good plan during the first two or three weeks of training to use a gear considerably lower than you intend to use when racing.

Some experts, however, hold that the rider should stick to the same gear throughout, and certainly once you have found the gear on which you can do your best and are most comfortable, there is not much object in departing from it.

All said and done, the only way to train for cycle racing is by riding, other exercises being or little or no use in developing speed, and the rider must get himself fit for the track by steady road work.

When you come to the track, you proceed as before by easy stages, until, just as you were doing your fifty to seventy miles a day at the end of your road training without discomfort, so you arrive, if you are a short distance man, at doing your five miles on the track at 2-20 a mile, and one eighth and a quarter of a mile sprints in 12⅘ and 28 seconds respectively, or if long distance riding is your ambition, you can ride your hardest for an hour paced without undue distress.

Many a man knocks himself up in training by want of a little care after riding. Of course, it is the trainer's business to attend to a man after exercise, but sometimes he is guilty of neglect, and the would-be champion finds himself laid up with a severe cold or worse.

RUBBING DOWN.

On no account should the rubbing down be hurried. This applies especially to the early days of training, when the first delightful burst of perspiration that comes as you sit in the dressing-room is often followed by a second.

If the rubbing down is hurried, this second bath will come after the rider has left the dressing-room, and he will very likely catch cold.

Never arrest the perspiration with a cold shower bath. Make sure that there is no more perspiration left in you before closing the pores of the skin by the cold sponge or shower.

The speed cyclist must, above all things, keep the muscles of his legs soft and pliable. An uninstructed person would imagine that the calves of a champion cyclist were like iron. As a matter of fact, they are, when relaxed, far more like jelly.

Cramp in the legs is the bugbear of the racing cyclist. The treatment is to rub the part affected with plenty of goose-grease after taking a hot bath at night, followed by strenuous application of liniment in the morning.

A CURE FOR STIFFNESS.

For stiffness, here is a good embrocation. It is composed of one pint of vinegar, half-a-gill of spirits of turpentine, and the whites of four raw eggs well beaten up.

The less the racing cyclist has to do with alcohol the better. At the same time, he need not be a teetotaller. A glass or two of sound ale after work or racing will do him no harm, but stimulants of any kind during a race are usually a mistake.

The race itself should provide all the stimulant that is needed to call forth the rider's utmost powers of strength, speed, head and heart.

REX FLEMING.

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

Vegetarianism would deprive us of one of the greatest pleasures of life, for hand in hand with it there very often goes the theory of eating just enough or possibly not quite enough.

It is urged by most militant vegetarians that a man should eat merely to live, and should take no joy whatsoever in the mere process of eating. They urge that by taking our joy in this way we are neglecting the higher claims of intellect, and are acting as the beasts of the field.

As a matter of fact we do many pleasureable things, just like the beasts of the field, that have no reference whatsoever to intellect. We play games, for instance, and it is a supreme misfortune for the individual when he becomes too intellectual to enjoy them.

In considering this question, one is tempted to look at the state of affairs if science advanced so much that we were enabled to live on air, on cooked earth, or on pellets supplied daily by a Socialistic Government.

If we did not have to work for our food, most of us would not work at all. Whether it be bread and butter, or biscuits and caviare, most of us have some comestible in view as we do our daily routine.

With this purpose for working removed, our labourers would wear rags and seek shelter beneath the arches of bridges. Nobody would seek distinction by painting bad pictures and writing foolish novels, but all would become lazier and lazier, till they finally took root and grew into vegetables.

Let the vegetarians and all other dietary theorists meditate upon this terrible picture. Meantime let the rest of us eat, drink, and be merry.

IN A COUNTRY TOW

HOW I ENJOY MYSELF ON £75 A Y

Recently there appeared in T... MAN an article showing how the ... London on 27s. a week, and it has occ... me that my own case is a natural comp... to his, for my income is much the same, t... there is the essential difference that my ... almost a country one.

I reside in a small Scottish town ... 4,000 inhabitants and my salary is £7... annum. This is but slightly more ... come of the writer referred to, but I ... will be admitted that I get rather more ... life than he can possibly do in a city.

I have rooms in a nice house rec... me by my "boss," and the living is ver... I, of course, have all my meals in the ... Breakfast consists of porridge and milk a... followed by an egg or fish, morning ... butter and marmalade and tea.

Dinner at one o'clock includes a soup, ... potatoes and vegetables and a milk puddi... fruit, while tea is the usual thing, s... brightened by a poached egg.

Supper at ten or eleven o'clock is a s... affair, consisting generally of biscuits ... cheese and cocoa. All my washing and m... ing are done by the landlady at a ve... charge. During the three weeks of the ... when I am absent on holiday I am charge... thing for the rooms.

The following table shows as nearly ... sible my annual disbursements:

Board and lodging, including washing, scraps for the dog, etc., 17s. per week for 49 weeks	£41 10
Clothing and boots	1
Holidays	7
Club subscriptions and dog license	5
Pocket money	
Balance saved	

I am a member of the local golf ... an annual subscription of 5s. ... an inland course and seaside links, ... a fine sporting character.

The lawn tennis club accounts ... while the membership of a political ... club takes 5s., leaving 7s. 6d. for ... license. He is an Irish terrier and ... it.

Clothing runs away with another £10, ... may seem extravagant. I generally wear ... tweed breeches suit, and always have two ... hand. A lounge suit for Sunday wear, ... flannels some years, and underclothing 5... off with the pennies, however, and last ... became the proud owner of a dress suit. ... for me mean at least £2 a year.

£10 for holidays seems a large ... I go home twice a year, in July or Aug... a fortnight, and at the New Year for ... The railway fare in each case costs ... and my total sum includes all holidays ... and the expenses of day holidays that ... year, when I either hire a bike for a ... try spin or take a trip by rail to one of the ... bouring cities.

My pocket money covers tobacco, ... newspapers, magazines, and so on.

As regards my last entry—the balance ... —I must confess this sum ... discover itself in its entirety, ... sole myself with the thought that ... the worth of it somehow. It ... for the gradual increase of my ...

And for this expenditure—a ... estimation of those who are ... myself pretty well.

You can get a lot of fun out of life ... spending money, and in sport you find the ... means of doing so; but, of course, a bit of ... cash comes in handy.

G. T. Wilson.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

J. A. MITCHELL, M.A.

SPRAINS.

[illegible] flesh is heir [illegible] are few to which [illegible] athlete is so subject as [illegible] sprain, and it is [illegible] relatively seldom that he [illegible] with it. [illegible] shall [illegible] a [illegible] may become [illegible] matter and [illegible] in the [illegible] is due to [illegible] the fibres [illegible] the ankle and [illegible] course, most [illegible] to it—and this [illegible] an infusion into and [illegible] the tissues which [illegible] considerable swell-

[illegible] wrench as possible the in- [illegible] should be held under a cold tap or [illegible] cold water for a few minutes. [illegible] be raised as high as possible, [illegible] wool and bandaged tightly. [illegible] resses should be applied from time [illegible] the pain is very great, or the whole [illegible]ge may be soaked. [illegible] gentle massage should be applied before the [illegible] is put to any great active use again. [illegible]ome people have the idea that bandaging is [illegible] wrong treatment for a sprain, and that the [illegible] should be used as much as possible. [illegible]ce was foolish enough to try the advice [illegible] of these people in dealing with a sprained [illegible] result was that in a few days the swelling [illegible]oled, and a violent inflammation had [illegible] so that I had to lie up for several weeks [illegible]d of a few days. [illegible] to a doctor, he will probably strap [illegible]ankle up in plaster, but unless you [illegible]ctly how to do this, it is best to rely [illegible] bandage, which is not so difficult to

A LEG EXERCISE.

[illegible]rect, taking care that the head and [illegible]s are thrown well back, so as not to be [illegible] of the line of the legs. raise each leg alternately, bringing it [illegible] up as high as it will go, until the upper [illegible] the leg is at least horizontal. [illegible] same time bend the knee as [illegible]n in the sketch so as to bring the [illegible] as far behind the knee as pos- [illegible]. This will have the effect of check- [illegible]raising of the leg in its up- [illegible]ment, but it will also have [illegible]ing off the muscles of [illegible] and thigh against each [illegible] producing the resistance [illegible]he basis of most physical [illegible] exercises. [illegible] this slowly at first, until you [illegible] impressed upon yourself the [illegible] your leg should be in when it is at the [illegible]int, and then alternate the legs rapidly, [illegible]m up smartly in turn as if you were [illegible]ort of "goose-step." [illegible] difference between this exercise, however, [illegible]e ordinary goose-step is that the ankle [illegible]er comes in front of the knee, and it is more [illegible]ilar to marking time at a hard trot. [illegible]h leg is raised, the foot should be kept [illegible]orizontal as possible, in order that the [illegible]y extend to the ankles also.

Marking time.

THE RIVER GOD.

The Statue by Barye.

It adorns one of the Paris Bridges.

VERSATILITY IN SPORT.

We most of us have a greater admiration for the man who is a good all-round sportsman than for the man who specialises in one branch of athletic endeavour — though the latter may be able to produce more cups and medals and so on as a result of his devotion to one sport alone.

But it is not merely a matter of popularity, though of course the man who can turn his hand to anything scores vastly here.

He is not only the better sportsman for his versatility but is probably the healthier man.

By devoting himself to one game alone the athlete tends to develop one set of muscles at the expense of the others.

Even though his favourite sport may be one which exercises the whole body, yet it cannot do so evenly, and is sure to put more strain on one muscle than another.

Every sport if indulged in too much has its attendant evils. The tennis-player is liable to "tennis arm" and neuritis, the runner and rowing man to strained heart, and so on.

By going in for different sports an overstrain on any one muscle or organ can be avoided, and an even development achieved.

FOR THE FOREARMS.

This is a simple exercise which is especially useful to those who go in for ju-jitsu, in which a muscular forearm is all-important.

Clench the fist as tightly as possible, so as to tense all the muscles of the arm, and then turn it round as far as possible in either direction, making it revolve around the wrist as on a pivot.

The exercise can be practised with both fists at the same time, but it is perhaps best to use them alternately, as then the attention can be concentrated on each alternately.

This will prevent any inadvertent slackness, which would render the exercise practically useless as a developer.

The wrist and forearm are the parts of his anatomy that the average man is most anxious to have well developed, for they are the parts most often displayed, and apart from the advantage that strength of forearm and grip give a man in the everyday affairs of life, it is always pleasant to be able to show a well developed, muscular arm when the sleeves are rolled up for tennis, rowing or any other sport.

This will give you a good grip.

PHYSIQUE AND BRAIN.

The physical culturist has always to meet the opposition of the person who talks disparagingly of his endeavour to develop his body, calls it brutal and degrading and so on, and says it is only done at the expense of the brain.

It is quite unnecessary to answer such an individual with a practical illustration of the advantages of matter over mind.

He knows, although he will not confess it, that physical development goes hand in hand with mental, and that with very few exceptions —of whom Mr. Chamberlain used to boast himself to be one—exercise and bodily fitness are necessary to mental alertness.

JU-JITSU.

8th LESSON.

In previous lessons on this page I have given various methods of putting an antagonist on the ground, but if he is a hooligan or some such unpleasant customer, thirsting for your money or your life, it is unlikely that he will remain there quietly at your convenience unless he has been stunned by the fall.

It is very useful, therefore, to have at your command some method of keeping him quiet until the arrival of the police, or of assistance in some form or other.

A useful method of imprisoning an assailant temporarily.

If you are capable of forcing him to accompany you by means of one of the holds already given in this column, so much the better, but the hold illustrated in the sketch, though it may at first sight appear more like a loving embrace, is really a most effective method of pinioning your opponent and rendering him helpless until help arrives.

All you have to do is to get behind him, while he is still on the ground as he endeavours to rise, and slip your left arm round his neck underneath his chin, locking it in place by passing your left hand over his right shoulder.

By pressing your forearm upwards you can actually shut his mouth so tight that he cannot even shout.

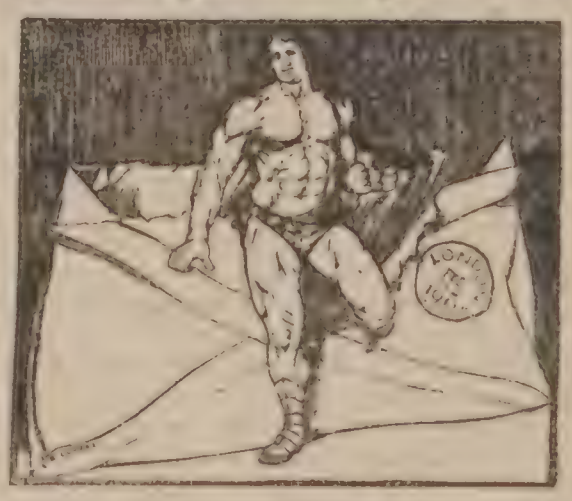
Your right arm must be passed in front of his right and locked by passing the hand behind his back, or, better still, your two hands may be clasped together, so that you have your man firmly imprisoned.

His right arm is powerless to get at you, and by keeping his body inclined to the left, his left arm may be rendered the same.

Being in a sitting posture he is absolutely at your mercy. The same lock may be used on a man standing, but then, of course, his legs are free, and it is by no means so reliable as some of those already given.

The positions of the arms may, if necessary, be reversed, but it is naturally his right arm that you will be most anxious to keep out of mischief.

Strength by Mail



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T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert,
Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XVIII. THE WEAKNESS OF STRENGTH.

It is proof that life holds compensation for all things that within an hour's journey by road or train of the Black Country, that scarred and pitted disfigurement of England, there exists for all to enjoy the superb scenery of the Severn Valley.

And of all the spots of beauty through which the Severn glides on its way to the sea, none is nearer the perfection of loveliness than the country round about the village of Darley.

Darley-on-Severn is a collection of a hundred or so cottages, half a thousand inhabitants, a post-office (where you can buy stationery, provisions and baby's bonnets), and one quaint old inn with an entrance from the village street and a lawn behind that extends to the river edge.

There is also one policeman and a ferryman, for the railway station is on the other side of the river, and to reach it one has to follow a steep winding road for a couple of hundred yards.

The station is used more by trippers than by the inhabitants, who go by road to the market town of Flaxminster, some six or seven miles away. Even the trippers—who are mercifully few, for Darley possesses no attraction but its intrinsic beauty—prefer to reach it by water from the ancient town of Bewdle, three miles down stream.

The Graills' farm, where Richard was now living, was but a few minutes' distance from the river, and one Saturday in late summer he and Jim Graill hurried home from Moulden in order to participate in an affair of vast local importance.

Will Bright, son of Mrs. Bright at the cottage where a man strangled his wife about sixty years ago, was to marry Annie Wattle from the post-office.

The courtship had been prolonged. For seven solid years Will's intention had been manifest in all but words. He always went to church on Sunday evenings and watched Annie furtively throughout the service, while afterwards he and another swain took a walk along the road about a dozen yards behind Annie and a girl friend. Sometimes the sexes had sorted on the return journey, but still Will belied his name, and chewed a straw with unflagging diligence.

Now all had been settled, to the wonder of none more than Will, and Richard and Jim were going to the wedding. *En passant*, as a farm labourer Will was earning fourteen shillings a week. But he owned two pigs.

At "The Stag" Richard and Jim found a group of men filling the porch; among them was Will, looking uncomfortable in a new bowler hat, an old black morning coat, and blue serge trousers.

"Now, Will," said Jim, "there's still time if you want to bolt. Slip out the back way and you'll find our boat moored by the steps. You'll be at Bewdle before you're missed."

Will grinned sheepishly, and Richard ordered drinks round. The cider to be got at "The Stag" beats anything outside Worcestershire, and Thomas Yardley, the host, fits the rarity. But of him more anon.

A little later, Will was led off by his best man, looking like—like nothing but a yokel going to be married.

A few of the men followed; but most of them stayed behind, fearful of church on any day but the Sabbath. After the ceremony, a "spread" given by Richard was to take place at "The Stag," and they were anxious to secure their seats.

Richard and Jim strode up the village street towards the church and smiled greetings to the bride-to-be as they passed the post-office window. She was looking out anxiously, as if doubtful even now whether her lover's courage would endure.

"I should think that a chap's wedding-day is the most wretched of his life," observed Jim.

The tone was interrogatory, but he got no reply, and they entered the cool, dim church.

Nearly every woman in Darley was there, and whispering was incessant. All eyes were fixed on the door.

Will appeared at the top of the aisle, having been piloted through the vestry, and on his face the inclination for flight was conspicuous. He fidgeted with his hair and his clothes.

The whispering and rustling grew louder. Then Annie entered the church hanging on her father's arm, her head lowered. She was wearing a white muslin dress, and blue beads round her neck; behind her were two bridesmaids in pink with big pink hats. All their boots squeaked as they walked slowly up the aisle.

Richard saw that Annie was deathly pale beneath her veil. He looked towards Will to see how he was taking it. For one brief second he caught an expression on Will's face that thrilled him.

Will was glad—and proud. Awkwardness seemed to have fled momentarily from him as the girl who was to be his wife came nearer. The smile on his face was fine to see. It changed the incongruous to something real and human, and, as if its effect had been felt by everybody, the atmosphere suddenly became reverential.

There was no music to the service—just the quiet voice of the old clergyman, almost inaudible murmurings from Annie, and vigorous assertions from Will as befitted a man.

He took his wife down the aisle at a pace that was almost comical, but both were now openly and unmistakably happy. A shower of rice met them outside the church. Annie lowered her face towards his chest and giggled. Will marched her down towards "The Stag," his head held high.

As Richard slowly emerged with the throng, he observed that many women were silently crying. So everybody had enjoyed it.

II.

The spread was over, speeches had been mercifully lacking, and revelry was rife on the lawn. Annie had gone off with her husband to his mother's house, where in future they would live; but everybody knew that both would be back later on in the evening. Honeymoons are brief with such couples.

A piano had been wheeled out on the lawn and somebody was playing "The Blue Bells of Scotland" to waltz time. All Darley was dancing, either on the lawn, or below, to the left, on the landing stage of the ferry.

Thomas Yardley's armchair had been moved from its usual corner in the smoke-room and he was seated outside in it, watching the innocent amusement, and puffing a clay churchwarden.

Thomas Yardley was a philosopher; not the garrulous philosopher familiar to book-readers, but with a philosophy of the kind too deep for words. Sometimes he grunted; more often he gave vent to a stupendously suggestive "A—h!" which came from his depths as slowly as an evaporation.

When men gave vent to their puny opinions the profundity of his silence conveyed that had been swallowed in the immensity of like pebbles dropped into a well.

Anyone that can imagine Napoleon dark-red complexion and fat lips can Thomas Yardley. His nose, eyes, manner of hair—all were identical. look was one of impressive contemplation.

His body was big, his paunch huge that when he sat down his thin knees out at an angle to make room for it. been a "dog" in his day; but the day and now he looked on—thinking thoughts deep for expression. Or perhaps he think at all.

The first tints of night appeared in the but still the merriment went on. There plenty of ale and cider flowing, but few of women partook of it, and the countryman gets intoxicated until it is dark.

Jim Graill and Richard were among heartiest of revellers, eyes bright, laughter their lips all the time, and it is to be said the end of each dance they relinquished partner without a kiss. The older ladies served the same, and none appeared to

Thus it was that Richard was revelling the buxom body of Mrs. Bright on his chest, when he caught sight of two comers standing in the doorway of the of whom were laughing heartily.

"Good Lord!" he said fervently, bled.

By a superhuman effort he prevented and led Mrs. Bright towards them.

"Whatever brings you over here?" he Arthur Lyons.

"We've been calling on the Squire old friend of ours, you know; and he was some fun on here. How are you Bright?"

"Quite well, thank ye, sir. And how's Violet?"

Violet Lyons' eyes were dancing with ment, and Richard was wondering how had been watching, simultaneously with prise that they were known to Mrs. Bright.

"Known everybody here since I was a explained Arthur, and the proof of it was evident, for he was calling recognition round. "Now, get a move!" he said, the ing having been temporarily suspended. take the piano and see if you can't find thing more lively than that white-whis melody they've been having. Come Mother Bright, we'll show 'em."

And with that this gay-hearted young crat swung Mrs. Bright round at a speed made her gasp, while Violet, having stripped her gloves, sat down at the piano as if been accustomed to country carnival all

The brighter music had an immediate Those who had looked on with the air designed to conceal shyness, joined dancing, and at last even Thomas got to shaky "pins" and, choosing the prettiest he could find, indulged in more than he had known for ten years.

Richard, obeying an instinct that question, selected the oldest, plainest, sedate woman in the gathering.

A rest succeeded a wilder set-to than ing. Thomas got back to his armchair, Arthur Lyons threw himself on the grass. Graill looked about for Richard and saw standing beside Violet Lyons, her chair round to face the laughingly pointing out the distressed ther.

The soft air of the summer silently to approve this happy gathering and old, where all were equal.

It was growing dark. Arthur Lyons to his feet and went to the piano. made room for him as if she guessed his tion. Arthur, in a good baritone voice, current comic song with a swinging

As if by mutual consent Richard strolled apart, and looked away The chorus swelled out vociferously

Richard found her eyes on his.
you?" he said quickly.
waiting for an answer he
few steps that led to a path running
river—and they went slowly along

several minutes they did not speak a word,
listened mechanically to Arthur's voice ring-
clearly through the night, and to the
monious chorus that followed, for the country
have a wonderful ear for music, born,
of the music of that grand harmonist,

You two," said Richard at last. "I think
splendid."
it plural, but he meant it only for
probably she understood it that way.
only a great boy," she responded

" said Richard, who knew of no
in life of which he was so anxious
this girl.
young, too," she said.
appeal to his manhood
quelled what was in his soul to

allow no feeling to be shown by
friendship, and the appeal was that
would not make it necessary for her to tell
so in words.
without going farther, they retraced their
slowly.
song had finished, and Arthur had struck
a polka instead. Evidently gaiety was still
with him.
will always be young," said
the result of a long train of
Some people are. It's—it's a thing

reply, though it seemed that he
her one. Richard felt painfully,
" he began; then stopped. "I
Another silence. How could he
barrier of her youth would be raised
erybody—Derwood, for example?
don't you help me?" he said with sud-
against her.
you want to say?" she asked
ly that he thought it expressed her

thing!" He was rude; but that sort
offended a woman yet.
within a few yards of the steps
lawn. In less than a minute they
long other people again.
in spirit—against people, and
calm taunt of night, and more
himself.
ed about again; but she remained
was. Had he but known, there was
ment in her eyes.
beautiful night," he said, with
that for a moment made the
her lips.
agreed, one foot on the

another observation that was
you drove over?" he said.
she replied. "And it's quite time we
of starting back."
lingered a moment, while Richard stood
his arms strung tightly to his sides.
think it is," he said at last, and the effort
temper out of his voice was a failure.
went up the steps and on to the lawn in
Violet walked towards her brother and
by him till the dance was over. Then she
him "
must go.
looked about for Richard as they said
right all round; but the fact of his dis-
gave her no surprise.
had gone for a walk.
mile he went, recalling all they had
over again. And by some subtle
argument he found that he
rably discontented after all.
been on guard.

these stories will appear next week.—ED.]

THE MAKING AND HOLDING OF FRIENDSHIP.

A FEW HARD FACTS.

I am dealing here purely with masculine friendship. The friendship between a man and a woman is a thing apart—a matter of impulse, of instinct, and of other things.

It seems paradoxical to say that the first essential for friendship between man and man is that your interests should be common. Very often you find a man of the muscular, robust, hail-fellow-well-met type whose dearest friend is a meditative sort of chap, but their interests are common all the same, for the meditative man is at heart as keen a sportsman as the other is in fact.

That is why, when the actual sportsman talks of his exploits to the meditative chap, the latter listens not with pretence but with real interest. Because it is so, the muscular chap finds pleasure in the other's companionship; he has secured that greatest of blessings, a good listener.

I believe it is absolutely impossible to build up a friendship with a man whose interests are not yours. You may deliberately pretend to listen with interest to his conversation, and he may even deceive himself for a time into the belief that you are actually enjoying his remarks, but at last, imperceptibly, little by little, he sees that there is something lacking, and, in that strange manner in which friendship is made or severed, you begin to find that the bond between you is slackening and loosening, till finally it breaks asunder.

One of the greatest needs for the cultivation and maintenance of friendship is courtesy—I mean courtesy in the widest sense of the word, not honeyed phrases or compliments, but thoughtfulness and kindness of heart.

In no way is this courtesy more evident than in the keeping of appointments.

You make an appointment with your dearest pal and fail to keep it. He has been looking forward to that expedition, and when it does not come off he is disappointed, and naturally so. The next time you meet he wants an explanation. He does not always ask for it, for he feels that your reason must have been a good one; but, unless your explanation is convincing not only to yourself but also to him, there will spring up between you a coldness which is the beginning of the severance of friendship.

As one who has had many friends, I would therefore advise you to keep appointments with your pals as exactly and with as much care as you would with your sweetheart.

Another secret in the maintenance of friendship is never, on any account, to lend your friend money, unless it be a very trivial sum.

If you lend him a large sum which is of moment to you, and if he fails to repay it, you naturally become anxious as to the issue. You require that money, and, with all the reluctance in the world, you are forced into the horrible position of hustling him like any tradesman.

Always at your heart there is the feeling that you are much worse off than any of his other creditors.

The tradesman has stood in to win a bit. You have stood in to win nothing.

With his failure to repay the loan there comes duplicity and lying. Excuses are made, and you find that they are untrue. You discover that your friend fails to meet you when he promised to, and, though your heart protests, your head assures you that the reason is the sordid one of this abominable loan.

No matter what sort of a hole your friend may be in, never lend him a large sum if you want to hold his friendship. Lie if you like, lend him half-a-crown as the sum total of your available riches, but never lend him any sum that is of real moment to yourself, for with this transference there comes a severance of friendship, a thing more sacred than gold and of greater value than all the money that was ever minted.

C. WOLFF.

I was Deaf
BUT
Now I Hear.

The Remarkable Story of a Clever Invention which enables the Deaf to Hear.

A WIRELESS TELEPHONE FOR THE EAR.

By PROFESSOR HOFFMANN,
Inventor of the Ear-Phone.

I WANT to tell all those members of the public who suffer from *Deafness or Defective Hearing*, that I have discovered a way whereby they can once again hear as well as those who are not deaf.

I want to tell YOU, if either of those complaints is yours, that I can enable you to hear, unless yours happens to be an instance of deafness from birth, or of total paralysis of the sense of hearing. If you will communicate with me and follow my advice (which will be gladly given free of all charge), I will enable you to hear as well and as distinctly as anybody could wish. I am sure of this, because I cured myself in just the same way.

I, myself, know what deafness can be. I have known what it is to feel my sense of hearing growing worse and worse every day, and myself becoming more and more unfit to carry on the scientific work to which I was devoted. And it is because I remember this so vividly that I am earnestly anxious to place within reach of every sufferer from deafness the very same means that gave me back my hearing.

How I Came to Study the Problem of Deafness.

This is how I happened to make my discovery. I happened, at the time, to be engaged in certain delicate telephonic test-work when, suddenly, I became aware that I could not hear as well as I had used to do. *I was growing deaf.* Words became blunted and blurred. Sometimes whole sentences of conversation were completely lost to me. And as with every weak the disorder grew worse and worse, I felt that in a short time I should be compelled to give up in despair.

But all the time this extraordinary fact held me to hope, that although it was sometimes most difficult to distinguish what people in the same room as myself were saying to me, yet I could hear them quite plainly whenever they were speaking to me over the "phone," possibly from a distance of many miles.

This fact held me from the first. I thought, I experimented, I studied the matter in all its bearings. And the more I studied why I could hear people over the "phone" better than in ordinary conversation, the more convinced I became that some adaptation of the principle of the telephone would enable my deaf ears to hear again.

How I Made My Discovery.

It was while lying in bed one night that the question suddenly flashed across my inner consciousness.

"Why not a 'phone' for the *inside* of my deaf ears?"

The inspiration was so strong upon me that I instantly rose, dressed, and fairly rushed to my workshop. Within twenty-four hours I had before me, fully completed, a minute appliance, the effect of which on my hearing was so magnificent that it made me exclaim aloud: "At last I have got it!"

I found that with the "Ear-Phone" I could hear perfectly. All roarings in the head ceased. I no longer had to strain to catch every syllable, or to ask my friends to repeat their remarks "because I couldn't hear what they said." My hearing was as good as in the days of my youth. Moreover, it was *simple to wear, quite invisible, absolutely safe*, and caused *no discomfort whatever*—rather the reverse. And so I determined to make known my invention to a wider circle, and to give every man, woman, or child in this country, afflicted with deafness or defective hearing, the opportunity of *making deaf ears hear.*

How I Can Help You.

My "Ear-Phone" is a scientific, but quite simple, aural aid. It fits easily and comfortably into the outer passage of the ear, where it constitutes a perfect sounding-board, concentrating the sound waves upon the ear-drum. In fact, it acts to the ear of the "hard-of-hearing" much as a pair of spectacles act to the eyes of the short-sighted. It is an ear-spectacle.

Unlike many hearing devices, this "Ear-Phone" is quite non-irritating. In fact, after a few hours you quite forget you are wearing anything at all. You can keep a pair in all day and all night, and as there is no unsightly and dangerous outside attachment, nobody can tell you are using anything at all.

Now, if you are a sufferer from defective hearing, I need hardly say how very pleased I shall be to have you write me on the subject, and give me particulars of your case. Naturally, I am very interested in all such cases, and if you would care to peruse a book I have written upon deafness and ear trouble, and how such complaints are at once relieved by the use of the "Ear-Phone," I will send you along a copy by return. I think it will interest you, and therefore invite you to accept a presentation copy from me. I am earnestly desirous of doing anything in my power to help any man, woman, or child in this country, suffering from deafness, to recover, as I did, this most precious gift of hearing.

The following are a few of the distinctive features of my "Ear-Phone":—

1. **It cures deafness and arrests its progress.**
2. **It relieves hardness of hearing.**
3. **It causes no irritation.**
4. **It has no clumsy attachments.**
5. **It is entirely invisible.**
6. **It is perfectly safe.**
7. **It can be worn always—sleeping, washing, bathing, etc.**
8. **It is free from wire or metal.**
9. **It does not cause unpleasant noises in the ear.**
10. **It does not cause discharges from the ear.**
11. **It does not have to be removed when cleaning the ear.**
12. **It guards the mucous membrane from all atmospheric effects.**

If you will write to Professor Hoffmann at (Dept. 43a), 54, Duke Street, Oxford Street, London, W., I will send you at once (post free, and gratis) a copy of my illustrated book, *The sense of Hearing; How it is Impaired, and How it may be Restored.* All who have read my book say it is the most interesting and helpful book ever written for the deaf and hard-of-hearing.

THE SPELL of the WOOD

A brotherhood of venerable trees.
—WORDSWORTH.

The spell of the wood binds the heart and mind of every human being. I could judge a man by his behaviour in a deep wood as readily as Shakespeare judged men by the effect of music, and I would trust the results implicitly.

A man who is not moved by the atmosphere of a wood must be beyond the pale and capable of any atrocity.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood" indeed, but there is much more than a pleasure, though to set it down fully in black and white were a task beyond the most susceptible pen.

But most of us can recognise some of the effects of the spell that woods throw over us. As I write I am surrounded by deep woods. Some of them stand solemnly immovable. No gale can penetrate beyond their outer edge and in the roughest wind only the tree tops sway and brush together above the thick canopy of leaves.

To quit the dazzling, dusty highway in these summer days and to strike into the quietude and cool stillness of the larch forests, is to enter a new world.

SOFT VOICES.

A hush falls softly on the ear. One speaks in tones almost reduced to whispers and one fears to disturb the delicious murmur of the air as it sweeps gently over one's head, drawing the most peaceful and plaintive tones from the pointed heads of the trees.

The light and graceful branches make avenues of infinitely delicate architecture; the thick carpet of last year's rich brown spines make each step a delight; and a cracking twig wakes strange echoes that set the rabbits on the alert with ears erect and bodies poised in readiness to shoot into the depths of earth.

The comfortable, confident cooing of the wood-pigeons almost invites one to lie down and sleep.

Listening intently, one can hear at great distance the regular slicing of the branches as the woodman works with his glittering hatchet away in the clearing.

The loud flapping of a pigeon's wings fills the shady solitudes with momentary alarm, and the passing of a farm cart upon the road, now a mile away, coming through the trees, only serves to intensify one's sense of isolation and contentment.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

On emerging at the farther boundary, the glare of high noon dazzles the eyes for a little space after the dim religious twilight of Nature's temple.

As one steps out upon the grassy track where keepers walk, and children sometimes wander in search of flowers, a different life presents itself. The sleek and shiny lizard shoots to and fro in search of spiders in the grass and leaves; a grass snake slithers with a soft rustle into the clustering undergrowth round the foot of a shrub; a blackbird's clamour warns all the birds of the presence of a potential enemy; and the noiseless noise of insects on the wing fills the air with a sense of life and activity unseen but fully realised by the hearing ear and the sensitive nature.

Many of the older trees lie prostrate with great gashes at their roots, awaiting the saw and axe of the woodcutter and the cart to carry their shaggy grey trunks away.

The scent of the moss upon the bark puts Nature in the front rank of perfumers. One can only lie against the warm and scented trunk and wish the day would never die—that the sun would stand still at noon, for life holds few moments such as these when every sense is drugged to perfect rest and satisfaction by the luring sweetness of the earth and all the verdure of its coverings. But the hours pass and hunger and thirst draw one elsewhere.

As we pass through the thinned-out portions of the wood, brushing past the grey ash saplings and stooping beneath the hazel twigs, a brilliant pheasant rises with a loud flutter and a stertorous crow and sails over the trees to a safer and less frequented spot to scratch and peck about among the leaves.

At every step the grass and undergrowth trembles as all the brown and furry population of the woods scuttles unseen out of the path of the intruder.

LAZING.

The hidden tree stump trips one up and sends one sprawling down into the flowers and grasses, and one feels inclined to lie for ever in such a bed with such a canopy for covering.

Shading the eyes from the sun one gazes contentedly up into the immeasurable spaces of pale blue. Tiny white clouds move easily across the firmament, immense distances away from earth, and then for a moment one dozes in the heat. A bee comes humming round, lazily industrious while one lies industriously lazy.

But it is time to move. It is after midday, and one is two miles to the inn where the nutty ale and plentiful fare are crying out for patronage.

And so home along the road again with swinging gait and a slow set song for company.

C. EASTON-GREY.

SELECTING A CYCLE.

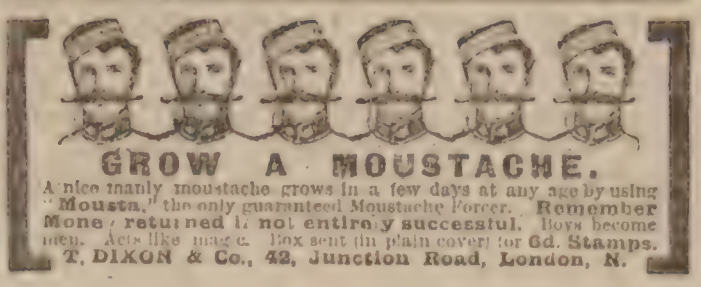
During the past decade, cycling has become so popular and fascinating a pursuit that to-day it stands pre-eminent amongst outdoor exercises and pastimes.

The difficulties which bestrew the path of the would-be cyclist, however, are many. He knows not which machine to purchase, so bewildering is the array of cycles offered for him to select from.

In the fierce competition which prevails throughout the Cycle Trade we have all the makers proclaiming their productions to be the best. Now it is obvious that they cannot all be the best for every individual. That which suits the requirements of one, does not adequately meet the demands of another. Considerable technical and expert advice in the selection of a machine is needed.

Mr. Edward O'Brien, the World's Largest Cycle Dealer, of Coventry, offers his customers impartial advice on the choice of a machine, handling as he does all reputed makes of cycles, and personally selects a cycle for his client whenever the matter is left in his hands.

If you are thinking about buying a new bike for the holidays, just drop a line to "O'Brien, Coventry"—that is a sufficient address—and you will find a perusal of his lists both interesting and money-saving.



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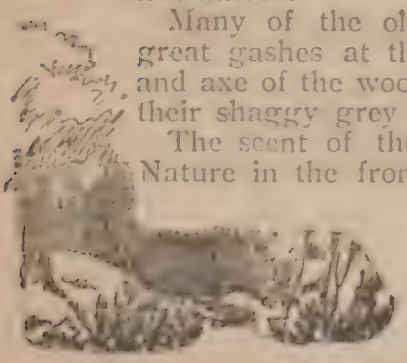

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Please Write Plainly

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is charged. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. (Dublin).—The firm you name is fraudulent. Have nothing to do with it. The best way to get a post as clerk is to watch the advertisements in the daily papers and endeavour to be first on the scene.

L. (Bolton).—Don't rely on our system of Physical Development, or on any other, for cure of spinal curvature. Our exercises may be very useful to you, but you must practise only those recommended to you by your medical man. Pay him a visit right away.

W. (Liverpool).—The right toggery for a stage is frock-coat, grey trousers, silk hat grey suede gloves. Supplement this with a buttonhole if you want to. The same applies to bridegroom, best man and guests alike.

. (Altrincham).—There is probably nothing the matter with you. We all feel lazy in the morning and after lunch. Don't take the bulk of your exercise in the morning but at night.

"HARRIER," (Dunstable).—No reason why you should drop cross-country work during the winter months. Get a pal to go out with you in the evenings.

M. B. (Glasgow).—Just buckle to. Life is not so rotten as you make out. Don't worry about false friends and all that; there are plenty of straight chaps, and it isn't difficult to find them.

L. (Gloucester).—The article "How to Grow Tall" by Dr. E. L. Robertson, appeared in our seventh number, which can be ordered through any newsagent for a penny, or will be sent direct, post paid, for twopence by our publishing department, 67, Long Acre, London.

"YEOMAN," (Portsmouth).—Have the points of the rowels clipped off, and there will be no further trouble.

S. (Camberwell).—Dry your ears well after you come out of the bath, and you will not hear from the buzzing sounds to which you refer.

"RECRUIT," (Leicester).—Apply to the local Sergeant-Major for all particulars as to number of drills and conditions of service.

F. M'P. (Leeds).—Don't ask us where to get an outfit for poaching. Tut-tut! How should we know? Apply to a local poacher.

R. (Manchester).—Black enamel, applied by yourself, may not be as good as that burnt in by the cycle makers, but it will cover up the worn parts of your bike and make it look much better.

I. P. (Sheffield).—We do not know of any place near Sheffield where you could get riding and shooting. Advertise for such a place in our Sale and Exchange columns and you should be suited, for we have a large circulation in Yorkshire; they are all sports up there.

M. K. (Calais).—For particulars of service in all branches of the British Army you should write to the Director of Army Recruiting, War Office, S.W., who will send an illustrated booklet giving full information. If you have friends in England, printed particulars can be obtained at any Post Office. For the stations of different regiments you should refer to the monthly army list, which can be obtained at any public library, or bought for eighteenpence.

E. S. (Lowestoft).—If you are going to take rifle shooting seriously it will pay you to get your own rifle. You should be able to win back the cost of it in a year if you are lucky. A good miniature will cost about £3 or a full-size service anything from £6 to £9.

R. (Truro).—You will be taking a great if you go out without any idea of what you going to. A good job is not always easily and even in Canada. You will get full information from the Canadian Emigration Office, Charing Cross, W.C., or you may learn advantages and disadvantages of various from the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

PIGEON RACING TIPS

HOW TO WIN EVENTS.

Pigeon racing is now in full swing, and a few tips concerning the manner of conditioning the birds for the hard and trying races which are before them will not come amiss.

I will first deal with the old bird races, ranging between 150 and 400 miles. To get them just up to the mark is a very fine art; in some cases when a bird is being prepared for a special event, it will have to be carefully attended to for as long as two years beforehand.

You must only breed lightly from it, if you hope to be among the winners, as the strain of laying eggs and rearing youngsters will cause the bird not to have such a good moult as otherwise; and nothing can be expected from it if it is not in good feather.

As for feeding, most fanciers use tick beans and brown peas, but whatever you use, see that it is of the very best.

Exercise your birds regularly morning and night for about three-quarters of an hour, and teach them to come to the rattle of the food tin. If you always put food in the loft while they are out at exercise, they will soon get to know that as soon as they return they will get their meal.

With plenty of work the muscles on the body become hard and firm, but don't work off all the spare flesh, as they need it when it comes to a hard race, for no bird will fly really well if it handles light.

When pooling your birds, always pool the bird which handles best, not the one you like best, or the one you think ought to win, judging from his pedigree, for it is the bird itself that is going to carry your money, not its parents.

In races where you have to send the birds away not more than two days beforehand, fill their crops well, so that they will not be tempted to eat too much strange food in the basket.

Now for the young bird races, which we shall have upon us before very many weeks are past.

The first two races are generally about 70 and 90 miles respectively, and can be considered little more than training stages. All the birds as a rule come in a batch, and then it is the quickest trapper which wins.

A valuable tip for these distances is to feed your birds only on the morning of the day before they are sent away, not giving them their usual feed at night. As you can imagine, they feel somewhat peckish two mornings after, and when they are liberated they come home for all they are worth, as they know that there will be food waiting for them in their loft.

When they have returned from a race let them have about 15 seconds to get some food, then, while they are still eating, you should pick them up gently, so as not to frighten them, as once having received a fright from rough handling they are always timid to enter the loft after a race.

Give a little canary seed as a pick-me-up when a bird returns done-up.

In conclusion I would say: "Do your share of the work, and if they are worth their keep they will do theirs." W. L. SLINGSBY.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

VI. THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

It is perhaps natural that the newly-formed London Regiment should contain the majority of the oldest and best known corps in the kingdom, since London has at once the need and the available material for a defensive force such as it has at last acquired as an organised whole.

Both in the matter of seniority and of efficiency the 5th (City of London) Battalion, known to the world as the London Rifle Brigade, stands among the foremost.

The corps has recently been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its formation as the 1st London Volunteer Rifle Corps, so that it can claim to be amongst the pioneers of the Volunteer movement.

The 1st London Rifles it remained until the end of the Volunteer Force last year, when it became the 5th Battalion of the London Regiment.

In the very first year of its career the L.R.B. did yeoman service in co-operating with another institution which is celebrating its jubilee this year—the National Rifle Association, whose meetings were held at Wimbledon until the ranges were removed to Bisley about a dozen years ago.

And the L.R.B. have figured largely in the N.R.A. prize lists ever since that date. In 1864 and 1902 marksmen from the corps carried off the blue ribbons of the meeting—the Queen's and King's medals respectively—and the L.R.B. can boast many whose names are honoured as crack shots on "the Heath," while in the team competitions they have been repeatedly successful and amongst other things have won the Mappin Challenge Cup for rapid firing six times, never letting it out of their possession from 1894 to 1897 inclusive.

The present commanding officer is Colonel Lord Bingham, late of the Rifle Brigade, with which regiment the L.R.B. has always been closely connected and from which it derives its adjutant, Captain A. C. H. Kennard. Among other distinguished ex-officers of the battalion are Lord Waldegrave, once a Lt.-Colonel, and Sir Schomberg McDonnell, who served as a captain through the South African war.

The L.R.B. sent in all to South Africa five of its officers (including the then commanding officer, Colonel Cholmondeley, who led the C.I.V. Mounted Infantry, which was drawn from the various London corps), and 136 non-commissioned officers and men, thus earning the right to bear the words "South Africa, 1900-1902" amongst its honours.

The companies of the Brigade are each attached to one of the City wards, and it has always been more closely associated with the City Corporation than any other corps.

The annual prize distribution is invariably attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in state, and the battalion is frequently chosen to provide guards of honour at the Guildhall or Mansion House.

It now comes, with seven other infantry battalions, of which two, the 6th and 8th (Post Office), are also Rifles, under the administration of the City of London Territorial Association, of which the Lord Mayor is president, and Sir Evelyn Wood chairman.

Being a rifle battalion, the L.R.B. is not entitled to carry colours; otherwise it would have been one of the first corps to be honoured by the presentation of them. It boasted a Royal Honorary Colonel in the person of the late Duke of Cambridge from its origin in 1859 up to the time of his death.

The Bishop of London became chaplain to the corps shortly after his preferment, and has three times accompanied it to Camp.

The uniform of the L.R.B. is the familiar dark green of the Rifle Brigade, with black facings and accoutrements, which has earned for the regular regiment the nickname of the "Sweeps." ROBERT THOMPSON.

The OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TURNED BACK CUFFS.

As I think I have said in a previous number, the gauntlet cuff is an excellent means of relieving and giving a finish to a man's sleeve, and I for one shall be very sorry to see it go out of fashion.

It should, however, be restricted to lounge suits or overcoats, and should at all costs be "practicable" as they say of their doors and windows on the stage—that is to say, it should be capable of being turned down over the wrists.

The cuff must, of course, fit closely to the sleeve, but it looks the smarter for a nick at the back, of which the corners are rounded off with a double row of stitching.

Many men wear small buttons at the back of a gauntlet cuff, just as one often sees them on the ordinary sleeve. But while on a single cuff the buttons are actually "practicable" and when undone, allow the sleeves to be turned back, on a gauntlet cuff they fulfil no useful purpose and are merely ornamental.

It is, of course, purely a matter of taste, but it seems to me that the gauntlet cuff requires no such additional ornamentation.

THE TILT OF THE BOWLER.

There is nothing on earth more vulgar than the wearing of a bowler hat at the back of the head, especially when a fringe protrudes from beneath the front of it. There is nothing more attractive than the slight, hardly perceptible tilt to one side or the other, which is adopted by some of our military men.

To be absolutely correct, you should wear your bowler fair and square, tilted neither to the back nor the front, the left nor the right, but it so happens that frequently the man who looks best is he who disregards certain of the minor rules, and I know several men who wear their bowlers tilted over so little to the right, and who seem to look all the smarter for it.

Mind you, this tilt is ever so slight, scarcely perceptible, as I have already said. In nowise does it suggest the perky tilt affected by the costermonger with his bowler of gigantic size and curly brim.

EVENING SMARTNESS.

According to all the novelettes it is essential for men to put on evening toggery for dinner, but even in the "hupper succles," the matter of dressing for dinner is now largely a question for the taste of the individual. You dress of course if you are invited to dine with friends in a formal kind of way or if you expect guests who are addicted to formality. But in a general all round sense, I think I am safe in saying that dressing for dinner is even amongst gentlemen of leisure, now rather the exception to the general rule.

I am glad that it is so, for personally I very much dislike having my chest covered with the white stiffness of what the Americans call a "biled shirt," but at the same time, it is regrettable in one way, for I think it well that a man should change his clothes when the day's work is over, no matter whether he is going to loaf at home or whether he is going out for recreation.

If you have not been in the habit of changing your day's togs, I strongly advise you to try the experiment. Get into an old suit if you are going to knock about the house or the garden, into flannels if you are going to play a game or take to the river, or into breeches if you are going to have a walk.

You will feel, as soon as you have donned a change of clothes, an effect that is distinctly tonic; your tiredness seems to have left you and the cares associated with the suit that you have cast off have been thrown across the chair with it.

One other point I would mention, and that is, that if you want to look really smart in the evening, you ought to have a second shave and put on a clean collar.

In these days, when the majority of men work in towns, it is impossible for a collar to retain its freshness for eight hours amongst smoke and grime; also on the chin of the healthy man you will find, by the end of the evening, a perceptible stubble. He need not worry about this in the ordinary way, but if he is going out and wants to look his best, he should shave it off and give his face a thorough wash.

The oftener the process of shaving is gone through the less irksome and painful does it become.

SOCK DARNING.

You may think me a bit faddy, but I must confess that I am rather keen on the little details of dress, and one of them is the way in which my socks are darned.

I suppose that it is really *infra dig.* for a man to wear socks that are darned, but for my own part, I am sufficiently frugal to do so, and the necessity is the greater, for I generally find that I have worn a hole through some part of my socks after wearing them for a single day.

Possibly this is because I prefer thin socks to thick, but the fact remains.

There are all sorts of ways in which socks can be darned. I have known a hole to be drawn together with a black thread without any attempt at darning at all, and I have known a green fancy sock to be darned carefully with tan-coloured wool.

The ideal, I need scarcely say, is to have your socks darned with exactly the colour of wool of which they are made, and in order to secure this result, I strongly advise you to insist upon your outfitter supplying you at the time of purchase with some of the wool with which the socks are made, to mend them with.

There comes of course a time when you must discard socks, when you find that they are faded with washing, and generally finished up, but long before this there will be occasions when the kindly needle of your landlady or your sister will be called into requisition, and to make her task the lighter, it is well that you should supply her with wool of the right colour at the outset, for she may find it difficult to get it from the local shops.

A GOOD TAILOR.

Frequently I am asked by readers, particularly provincials who have just come to London and who are hunting about for someone to make their clothes, for a tailor upon whom they can rely.

I could tell them of a good many places where they can rely upon being turned out well, but in the majority of them the price would be rather an eye-opener, for London prices are considerably higher than provincial. I can, however, recommend my readers to one tailor, who not only gives a good fit, but also charges moderately, and he is Ellis, of the Strand.

There are some tailors who appear to concentrate their whole attention upon good fit, and to give small heed to material, and there are others to whom the material seems to be everything, and the fit to be of no account. Ellis, however, not only gives a thorough good fit, but also very good value in the matter of material.

I have just had some suits made by him, so I may claim to know something about him. The place, if you want to find it, is opposite the Law Courts, at the Fleet Street end of the Strand.

BUTTONS.

Michelangelo once made a remark about the importance of trifles, which I cannot remember, but with which I heartily agree, though I am afraid my readers will be tired of finding this point emphasised in these pages.

Buttons are just such details, and it is worth while giving some attention to them, instead of letting your tailor work his own sweet will, though in justice to that worthy I must say he usually exercises very good taste in the matter.

A smart idea which is adopted by many is to have the buttons of coat and waistcoat covered with the same material as that of which the suit is made.

If the cloth or flannel—for these buttons look particularly well with flannel suits—has a stripe in it, the buttons should be covered so that the stripe comes across the centre of the circle, as this so relieves the tendency to monotony which would otherwise characterise a suit with "self-covered" buttons.

I have even seen square buttons used, which are at least a novelty.

On a grey flannel suit dark grey pearl buttons look very well, while for a Norfolk or Harris tweed coat the fashionable leather buttons are hard to beat.

It is just as well to see, however, that the buttons are actually made of leather, and are not merely imitation ones of stamped metal, as in this case the sham has no advantage over the real article.

The making of these buttons out of leather bootlaces is a fascinating pastime which should be encouraged among your sisters and friends.

I cannot tell you exactly how to do it, for it is rather an intricate business at first, but once mastered, it is quite easy, and buttons so made are quite as effective as any machine-made article.

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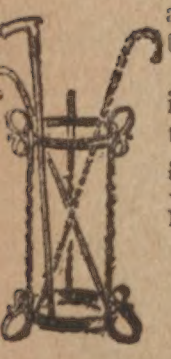

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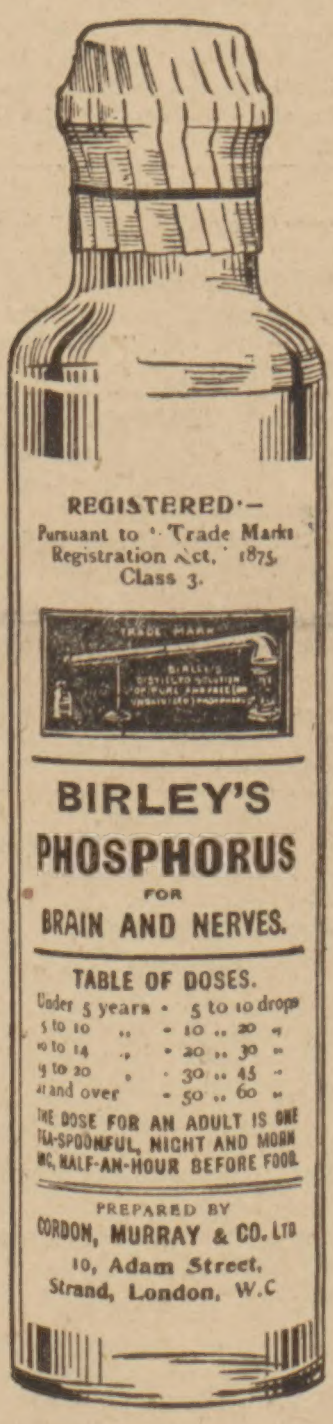
STRONG HEALTHY NERVES

produce perfect activity of every organ of the body. Men and Women with debilitated nerves have every bodily organ in bad working order. This means general ill-health, with turns of wretched and miserable despondency.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is the true rational method whereby Strong, Healthy Nerves can be secured. By its incomparable aid you EAT BETTER, SLEEP BETTER, WORK BETTER—EVERYTHING IS BETTER—the Brain, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Digestion, and Bowels, all work to perfection under the guidance and influence of the vigorous active current of nerve force produced by BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE


REGISTERED.—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

The intrinsic merits of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS are winning for it life-long friends.

SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE.

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

BRAIN FAG,	NAUSEA,
NEURALGIA,	LOSS OF MEMORY,
HEADACHE,	FAINTNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,	ST. VITUS' DANCE,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,	TREMBLING,
PALPITATION,	VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
HYSTERIA,	PRESSURE in the HEAD,
NEURITIS,	SINKING SENSATIONS,

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS,	IRRITABILITY,
LASSITUDE,	RESTLESSNESS,
ILL-TEMPER,	MELANCHOLIA,
VAGUE FEARS,	MOROSENESS, and
DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION,	GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and
MORBID FOREBODINGS,	MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Cures all Nerve Complaints.

Remember:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 22) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant.

Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

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Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*